

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, APRIL, 1843.

Original.
TO AN ALBUM.*

—
BY MRS. WILSON.
—

Go, little stainless gatherer, go,
And garner gems for me;
Seek where affection's flowrets blow,
And bear them back with thee!

Go, bare thy purest leaf, to greet
A MOTHER's kindling eye,
Nor leave her 'till her impress sweet
She stamp in changeless dye.

Go, ask a FATHER to indite
Some precious lines for thee,
And bear them on the stainless white
Of some pure page to me.

Go, seek where young affection's wreath
Was twin'd in CHILDHOOD's hour;
There, little treasurer, beneath
The arch of that home-bow'r,

Thou'lt find the cherish'd ones, whose love
Like threads of golden wire,
Has run through all my chain of life;—
Go, and their thoughts inspire

To trace some pure and gifted line,
Fresh from a SISTER's heart,
And holy gems from "Auld Lang Syne,"
When youth's bright dreams depart.

But stay, to grace a distant bower
One sever'd Flowret hies;†
Go, bid HER spare some fleeting hour
From new and dearer ties,

To place among thy treasur'd store
Some kindly thoughts for me;
That I may, when thy errand's o'er,
Most fondly welcome thee.

Go, ask a BROTHER's manly heart
An offering to give,
Which, as Time's chequer'd dreams depart,
May on thy pages live

In lustre pure, as when the wave
Of youthful feeling flow'd;—
Then all these dear mementoes save
From where home's altar glow'd!

* These beautiful lines were written by the gifted authoress in a young lady's Album without any thought at the time of their meeting the public eye.—Ed.

† Alluding to a married sister.

Next seek the heart whose joy and grief
Alike I fondly share,
That some unstained and spotless leaf
May FRIENDSHIP's offering bear.

Go!—no, I will not bid thee seek
One wreath that LOVE entwines;
Its thorns too often pale the cheek,
O'er which its radiance shines.

Go, ask the holy ones who claim
A mission from above,
To garner here the sacred name
Of Him they serve and love—

To trace upon some virgin leaf
REDEMPTION's holy song—
Some strain like those that angels breathe
Among heaven's ransomed throng.

But go (I cannot tell thee *all*
The treasures thou must find)
Wherever FEELING's tear-drops fall,
Or cluster, gems of MIND—

Wherever GENIUS wakes a lay,
Or VIRTUE tunes a string—
Where TRUTH unfolds her holy ray,
Or FAITH its offering.

Garner them up as radiant pearls
Among thy treasur'd store;
And, as old Time his scroll unfurls,
Be seeking still for more—

Until, on *all* thy pages shine
Some precious gift for me;
While, as I hail each breathing line,
I'll bless and cherish thee!

Original.
PEACE IN TROUBLE.*

RIGHTEOUS, O Lord, thy doings are,
A sum of love and truth and grace,
Complainings all from self-made care;
He's happy who but seeks thy face.
Enfeebling pains may seize the frame,
Like billows high temptations rise—
Grace has a balm to heal the lame—
Religion wings to mount the skies.
Each bursting sigh shall then be still,
E'en though the tortured limbs decay;
Nor will I seek less pain to feel—
Eternal life will all repay. L. W.

* Addressed by a pastor to a sufferer of his flock.

Original.

AN APPEAL TO CHRISTIANS.

BY E. W. SEHON.

EIGHTEEN hundred years have passed away since the cross was reared without Jerusalem, and still but a minority of mankind have beheld its light. More than half the earth's surface is yet covered with moral darkness. In this darkness at least six hundred millions of our race are traveling on to death and eternity. Are they on the road to bliss or woe? Let the Christian pause and think. To us is committed the word of life—we have it in trust for our dying fellow men. What we do must be done quickly. Even while we deliberate they are passing away, with souls unaneled—with sins unforgiven. Look over this vast empire of darkness, and truly may we say the harvest is great. The field is the world. Our benevolence should stop at nothing short of the salvation of the world. To this end should all our aims and efforts tend. For the world Jesus died. The object of the enterprise embraces every member of the human family. Intellectually and morally it would bless every human being, and thus rescue a world from degradation and spiritual darkness. The Church must awake to the importance, the magnitude, and necessity of this work. Every Christian, male and female, must see well to the performance of their duty. In the discharge of this duty we should look upon our fellow men everywhere as our brethren; for the family of man is but one vast brotherhood. Where humanity dwells there is room for our benevolence.

It is to be feared that, upon this subject, notwithstanding the much which has been said and written, but few are alive to it as they should be. Many neglect entirely all thought about it, or if thought of at all, it is but for a moment—as a very small matter. Who can suitably reflect upon the sad condition of the majority of our race thus involved in darkness, and not feel, and, deeply feeling, act. God requires all men to believe; and though he undoubtedly does and will save many in heathen lands, yet faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the word of God. We are bound by our profession as Christians, to see that, by every possible means, we aid in bringing about the universal obedience and happiness of the human family. Much, indeed, has been done, and more is doing, for the accomplishment of this gracious purpose. The places visited, however, and blessed by the word of God, break at long intervals on the eye, like sunny islets in a stormy sea—like specks of azure in a cloudy sky. We must labor *on* and *on* in faith, until over the whole world the heavenly light shall break. Duty and interest are intimately connected together—the advancement of the *one* is dependent upon the performance of the *other*. If it is our duty to give, the blessing is pronounced, that it is more blessed to give than to receive—they that water shall be watered again. O, of what a blessed privilege many are denying themselves, and shutting out from their souls its great and heavenly

blessings! Yes, Christian benevolence brings its own reward. Every effort, every prayer, and every gift makes full and ample return into our own bosoms. The great question should then be, how can I best promote the interests of Christ's kingdom? Let *all* ask, and *all* respond, *by my fervent prayers—by constant personal exertion, and by bestowment of funds* to the utmost of my ability. Think what a scene would be presented if all the Christians in the city of Cincinnati were, at one and the same time, engaged in prayer with God for the salvation of our dying fellow men—not a few in each Church, but *all*, from the youngest to the eldest! What a scene would it be, if not only all in our city were thus engaged, but all the professors of our holy religion in the whole world—a prostrate Church, pleading with God for the full salvation of a sinful world! We want more prayer—prayer to God for his special blessings to rest upon all the instrumentalities now in use for the conversion of our fellow men. In the closet—around the family altar—in social prayer—in the great congregation—our prayers should be more marked and earnest for the universal conquest of Messiah's kingdom, that all the ministers of the word at home and abroad, in heathen lands, should be visited graciously by the great Head of the Church. Our personal exertions must be given to this cause whenever and however God may seem to require them. If all are not called to go forth as missionaries, yet each one has a field in which to labor—a talent to occupy.

By our contributions we should all labor in this cause. Many, in moderate circumstances, give, and give liberally, while others, equally as able, give not at all, attempting to excuse themselves by saying, "We can give but little, therefore we will not give at all," not remembering that the fertilizing showers which so much enrich our earth descend upon it but in drops. Some among the wealthy give, and give nobly, while others, if they give, do so grudgingly, and as though they could scarcely spare it. The giving seems to afford no pleasure to them, and is rather drawn and forced from them, than as an act which springs from a willing heart, which in giving is at once blessed. On the subject of giving, we should remember all we have belongs to the Lord, and what we have is only loaned us as the stewards of his bounty. We should thus teach our children, and those committed to our care. Soon the time and place which now know us will know us no more for ever. Let us, then, work while it is called to-day. In prayer, in Christian exertion, and in the bestowment of funds, according to the means in our possession, let us prove ourselves, in heart and life, the followers of the blessed Jesus.

FAITH.

THE sailor, by using his eyes in looking for land, acquires great keenness of sight. Use the eye of faith in looking for your eternal haven, and you give it greater clearness of vision. To strengthen faith, exercise faith.

Original.

MR. SUMMERFIELD.

DEAR GERTRUDE,—I believe it is Rochfoucault who says that it is a sort of ingratitude to be in *haste* to return an obligation; but I subscribe not to a sentiment which would repress one of the best impulses of our nature, and *my* heart thanked you kindly for your prompt and sympathetic "Response" to my poor lyric. And had I obeyed its first dictates, you would ere this have received a written evidence of my gratitude. For as I laid aside the book, after the perusal of your lines, I said to myself, "*To-morrow* will I write to Gertrude, and thank her for her poetry, and seek to engage her in a correspondence." Alas, for this spirit of procrastination, when we know not what an hour may bring forth! The promised *morrow* found me too indisposed in body to arrange my thoughts, or wield my pen; and throughout the last week I have been suffering so severely with a sore throat as to incapacitate me for all mental exertion. And now, if I would communicate with you through the columns of the Repository, I have only time to offer you these few lines of explanation and apology, and to solicit of you the favor of a correspondence, not poetical, but *rational* and *religious*, embodying your own and the experience of others in their pilgrimage to Zion. And perchance my heart may become warmer, and my hopes more assured by communion with one whose spiritual lights have been so much greater than my own, and *you* may have the pure satisfaction of having aided me in my upward journey to that better land for which we are all striving, where the Christian warfare is ended, and where seraphic love glows in each bosom for evermore.

O, for a heart to praise and pray,
Until the victory's won—
That when we leave this house of clay,
We then may hear the Savior say,
"Enter ye in—well done!"

You know, my dear Gertrude, that I was educated an Episcopalian, and, all the early part of my life, attended no other Church. Thither my mother's family went, and most of my friends and associates. I loved the pastor and people, and, in the language of the world, *was happy*. But when death entered our abode, and took away our dear mother, and I witnessed the composure with which she departed, leaning upon the arm of her Redeemer, I began to feel an awakened interest in the subject of religion—a desire to become fitted for a communion with those spirits in heaven, with whom I had never partaken of the cup of salvation upon earth; but while I was out of the Church a wall of partition seemed effectually to divide us, and I strove to make myself worthy of membership. I gave up all fashionable amusements, attended evening lectures, and soon joined myself to the people of the Lord, and felt comforted in having done what I considered my duty, but had no "*joy in believing*." And if this "*joy*" is the test of the true Christian, I am still in the "bonds of iniquity;" for in all my trials since—and "God has given me my share"—I have often felt comforted in casting my burdens upon the

Lord, but have never attained to that spiritual state of which St. Paul speaks, and which many Christians profess, namely, "*rejoicing in tribulation*."

At this time I knew nothing of Methodism. I had never been within the walls of one of their churches until I heard the sainted Summerfield in the city of Baltimore, just before his ascension to glory. To say that I was pleased with him would but faintly express my feelings. I went to hear him, impelled more, as it were, by the current than by any better motive; for I had no faith in popular preachers. I had generally found something artificial and unsound about them—some trick of oratory that repelled me from the pulpit. But, O, how was I disappointed in Summerfield! The Methodist church in Light-street was filled to overflowing—not only the body of the house, but the galleries, the aisles, and the windows were full, and every little architectural projection held a listener. Yet every thing was hush and orderly. Most of the multitude, I suppose, had heard him before. Their hearts had felt the influence of his preaching, and they knew *who* they were expecting, and felt that it was good to wait his coming in silence. At length there was a gentle movement about the pulpit, and every eye was turned as he was put in at the window. He fell upon his knees, and for ten minutes a holy silence pervaded the house. When he arose, and a pale, delicate, fair-haired youth, of apparently not more than two or three and twenty, stood up to teach this vast multitude, I feared for his success; but my fears were unnecessary, and if I had known him before, I should have said *unhallowed*, for he had the preparation of the Spirit, and surely "he spake as never man spake" since the days of our Savior upon earth. To the most child-like simplicity he joined the zeal of the seraph. His text was, "Behold I stand at the door and knock;" and as he warmed with his subject his musical voice rose to a higher note, his pale face became illuminated; and as he stretched forth his thin arms in his expostulation with his hearers, he looked not like a being of earth, but of heaven. That day many hearts were opened at his call for the reception of the Holy Spirit. He was at this time in almost the last stage of consumption, fast ripening for glory, and was like the sun, which glows brighter at its setting. When I left the house, I thought if this be *Methodist* preaching, I desire often to hear it; but him I never heard again. It was his last sermon in Baltimore, and one of his latest upon earth.

Soon after this I removed to the southwest, where Methodism not only prevails, but has much talent and zeal enlisted in its support. But being myself a member of the Episcopal Church, and finding one of that denomination (a rare thing) in the village where I lived, I of course went there, reserving for myself the privilege of occasionally attending Methodist preaching. I soon became fond of their mode of worship, and preferred extemporary prayer to the Church service, which, beautiful as it is, has ever since appeared cold and formal in comparison. After vibrating between the two Churches for nearly a year, I felt it was

my duty to *belong* where I was most *profited*, and this I *knew* to be under the ministration of the Methodists. So I withdrew from the Protestant Episcopalians and joined them. And surely there can be no higher order of Christian than a *consistent, self-denying Methodist*. And although I saw many, in the section of country where I united with them, that lived in violation of the rules of the Discipline, yet it never unsettled my opinions. May I not hope, dear Gertrude, to hear from you through the pages of the next Repository? "May you prosper, and be in health even as your soul prospereth!"

AUGUSTA.

Cincinnati, February, 1843.

Original.

THE MARYS AT THE CROSS.

"Now there stood by the cross of Jesus, his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene."

THE death of Jesus Christ is the most interesting and important event that ever transpired. His cross radiates light and life to a perishing world. His death is our life, our hope, and our salvation. After his mock trial and cruel scourging, in accordance with the clamorous demands of a frantic mob, he was delivered into their hands to be crucified and slain. Amazing spectacle! The Son of God, having voluntarily abdicated his eternal throne in glory, encircled by all the holy intelligences of heaven, now, almost friendless and forsaken, ascends the rugged steeps of Calvary. Peter and the rest of the apostles, with one exception, all fled. But the Marys followed their Savior, and stood by the cross. The shoutings of an infuriated multitude—the gleaming of Roman arms, and the fierce out-breakings of Jewish vengeance, daunted not these noble—these holy females. They, during the six dreadful hours, remained enchained to the sacred spot, witnessing the sorrows and death of the illustrious sufferer.

It is probable that the Marys did not fully understand what the blessed Savior had foretold of his death and resurrection. But they had full confidence in his truth and grace, or they would not have followed him with tears to Calvary, or stood in the midst of appalling horrors so near his cross. It may be they did not recognize him as sealing their redemption with his blood; but they did see him sealing his gracious promises and his undoubted claims to Divinity. They may not have seen, while near his cross, the glittering sword of divine justice piercing his heart, and the bursting phials of divine wrath overwhelming his soul; but after his glorious resurrection they understood it well. Yet there was something more than sympathy and ordinary gratitude that enchained the Marys to Calvary. It was unconquerable love for the sacred person of the bleeding sufferer, and its constraining power upon their hearts.

Multitudes attended the crucifixion of our Lord

Jesus Christ. Many were there out of morbid curiosity. The fame of his mighty deeds and sinless life were attractions to the crowd. Many were there out of hatred to the illustrious sufferer. They had long thirsted for his life—now he was in their malignant power—no shield of protection around the Anointed of God while in the hands of sinful, cruel men. These, his enemies, had falsified his reputation, proclaimed him a vile impostor, and now, with infernal joy, they go to see his dying agony, crying, as they hasten to Golgotha, "His blood be upon us, and upon our children." Many were there officially—the Roman soldiery—the officers that arranged the business of death, and the executioners with their hammers and their nails. But the Marys and the beloved John were there as his faithful and weeping friends. Their presence was the only bright gleam that flashed through the worse than Egyptian darkness that shrouded his dying hour. They had ascended Calvary, and were now near the cross, to show how deeply they sympathized with their Lord—that their love was unabated—their attachment as great and as ardent as ever. When all the universe seemed both to frown upon and to fight against his person and mission, neither the cowardly flight of his professed friends, nor the reckless fury of his inveterate enemies, moved the Marys. Amidst the midnight gloom that covered the earth, they gazed upon the cross. When the solid rocks were rending, and the cross itself could scarcely stand on the quaking mount, they stood near. They left him not, though they heard, with aching hearts, his plaintive, tremulous cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" The Marys were by his cross as his public disciples. They were not prevented by cold expediency or prudence. As his soldiers, they were with the Captain of their salvation in the midst of his enemies, and in the thickest of the conflict. They stood by him, as he uncovered his bosom to receive the thunderbolts of his Father's wrath—as he encountered, in his own strength, the combined powers of darkness. They stood on the battle-field, when Bozrah's conqueror, with his vestments dipped in blood, carried trembling to the centre of the empire of hell, and bound the prince of darkness to the wheels of his victorious chariot.

The Marys of Bethlehem, and Mary of Magdala, were gloriously rewarded by being near the cross. They received his last look, big with boundless love and infinite benignity—heard his last words to the penitent dying malefactor, and the solemn accents, "It is finished," when he gave up the ghost.

They were by his cross, as his faithful servants, to receive his instructions. Jesus publicly recognized them, notwithstanding the loud railing of the frantic mob, and the excruciating agony he was enduring. He laid his last, his parting injunctions upon them, and doubtless they were faithfully observed. What a distinguishing exhibition of filial piety did Jesus exhibit! Behold, the Son of God, when dying for our sins—when performing the momentous work of our redemp-

tion, consigns his mother to the care of the beloved disciple! How great the reward of standing by his cross!

Happily, while wicked men and fallen angels are assailing, with all the malignity of the pit, the grand mystery of godliness—"God manifest in the flesh"—only a few females, with all the intellectual culture of the nineteenth century, have had the fool-hardiness to stand in open hostility to the Godhead of Jesus Christ. This monstrous singularity, in a universe which adores the Lamb which was slain, is not presented to many of the female sex. Till the blast of the archangel's trump shall echo the knell of time, may it be true of the female sex in general, "that they are still the last to quit the cross, and the first to visit the sepulchre."

"I would have gone to Calvary,
And, where the Marys stood,
Bewailing loud the crucified,
As near him as they could,
I would have stood, till night o'er earth
Her heavy pall had thrown,
And thought upon my Savior's cross,
And learned to bear my own."

B. W. C.

Original.

THE PEACE OF GOD.

BY MRS. L. F. MORGAN.

"These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace," John xvi, 33.

YE shall have peace in me!
Thus to his sorrowing flock the Savior spoke,
On that last night of mournful agony,
Whose strange events awoke
The electric chain which shall not cease to move,
'Till all on earth shall know their Maker's love.

In me ye shall have peace,
However sternly, sadly, darkly tried;
Though every stream of earth-born comfort cease,
Each spring of hope be dried,
A pure refreshing fount within your breast,
Deep and unquenchable, my peace shall rest.

Peace—peace *in me!*—shrink not,
O, Christian, from the tempest's blasting power!
This shall redeem the terrors of thy lot,
And cheer thy gloomiest hour—
Shall breathe upon thy heart its soothing spell,
And every storm of fear and passion quell.

In me ye shall have peace—
A calm serenity—a sweet repose,
Making all doubt of thine acceptance cease—
Such as the world ne'er knows—
First drops of that ethereal stream which rolls
O'er the Elysian plains for blood-wash'd souls.

Earth is the home of grief—
It hath a tainted soil, a stormy sky,

Its hopes are shadows, its enjoyments brief,
Its fairest soonest die,
Its friendship's oft a dream, its love a snare,
Its roses blossom on the brow of care.

Upon the zephyr's breath
The sigh of sorrow and complaint is borne,
And the dark steps of sorrow, pain, and death
Have many a furrow worn,
And printed deep mortality's sad trace,
To tell the soul hath here no resting place.

But midst the shadows dim,
And wrecks of happiness, and hopes decay'd,
The bursting spirit still finds *peace* in *Him*
Who the world's ransom paid;
Earth hath no spot so dark, nor life so drear,
The peace of God cannot illume and cheer.

My soul! may this be *thine*,
Changeless and pure, through every future hour!
Ne'er fo. Time's paltry gifts the boon resign,
Heaven hath no richer dow'r—
Let not its warmth decrease, its lustre die,
'Till thou shalt hail its Source in realms on high.

Original.

THE LAST VOYAGE.

BY MRS. HARLAN.

I STAND on the brink!—the cold waters how dark—
How chilling the blast, and how shattered the bark—
How high swells the tide to the crumbling shore!
O, who shall conduct me these dark waters o'er!

Far over the deep foaming billows I see,
A region where triumph the happy and free;
And millions, who shuddered this cold stream to sail,
There rest, or roam safely on hill or in vale.

Who, when the frail bark rides the dangerous wave,
Shall gild the deep gloom, and the voyager save?

They tell me the smile of Messiah can cheer
These waves, and his voice stay the storm's dread career,
And that safe as when borne on a calm summer's sea,
Shall the frail, lonely bark in its last voyage be.

Then quickly I'll spread to the winds my poor sail,
And trust my worn bark to the waves and the gale;
For if Jesus presides o'er the wind and the tide,
I surely in triumph the billows shall ride.

And when I am landed on that happy shore,
Then, then, I shall cross these cold waters no more.

LIFE.

'Tis a vapor in the air;
'Tis a whirlwind rushing there;
'Tis a short-liv'd fading flower;
'Tis a rainbow on a shower.

Original.

THE METAPHYSICIAN.*

BY THE EDITOR.

THE months rolled on. One pleasant day in June, Mr. L. was practicing a game of chess with Dr. C. In the midst of the game two gentlemen were introduced as "Methodist ministers." After brief salutations, the interrupted game proceeded. Mr. L. and his friend were aware that it was rude to resume it so unceremoniously in the presence of clergymen, but they scarcely deemed Methodist preachers as legitimate incumbents of that sacred profession.

Mr. L. had been taught, from childhood that Wesleyanism, in all its types, was the most vulgar of human fanaticisms. He knew nothing from observation. He had heard but two or three sermons from the sect. All he had read was the testimony of its foes; and for some reason its enemies have generally deposed against it as "*swift witnesses*." He was once surprised to hear it averred that John Wesley had "been to college." But he did not credit the report. He rather supposed that it was gotten up to invest the Wesleyans with unmerited respectability.

Strange as it may seem to the well informed, thousands to this late day are equally ignorant. They know nothing of a branch of the Church, embracing more than a million of their fellow citizens, amongst whom are some of the ripest scholars and most profound jurists and civilians of the land. They fancy Methodism to be a mass of rude and misshapen moral elements, unprovided with wisdom to devise, or stability to maintain an ecclesiastical polity. They deem it any thing but a "Church," and look with condescending commiseration and concern on such as have enrolled themselves in its disorganized ranks; viewing them not as disciples of Christ, but rather as fugitives from all religion. Its pastoral efficiency, diffusive energy, and strict unity, through class-leaders, the itinerancy, and a *general* Superintendency, are all unknown. Thus its fruits, so rapidly accumulating, are charged upon "excitement," or ignorantly ascribed to a "lax moral discipline." Yet all are aware, except when some unamiable solicitude prompts them to forget it, that if the "excitement" were not religious it would have worn itself out years ago, and that, amongst Protestants, a lax moral discipline is so far from building up, that it inevitably prostrates what is already edified.

The game of chess was finished. Perhaps some movement was made towards another. At all events, one of the ministers interposed a question, which was followed by nearly the following dialogue:

Minister. "That must be an intricate game, judging from the *deep attention* you bestow on it."

L. (Slightly embarrassed,) "It is intricate; and perhaps, gentlemen, we owe you an apology."

Min. "Is it a *useful* game?"

L. "So it is accounted by many judicious persons."

Min. "To what good account may it be turned?"

L. "It is an *intellectual* game. Chance can do nothing for the parties. The *skill* of the players is tested by its result."

Min. "It is, then, like 'billiards,' or 'nine pins.'"

L. "O no, sir, not at all. Mind has nothing to do with these. They tend to weaken rather than strengthen the intellect. Chess is a means of mental discipline—its influence is like that derived from the study of mathematics."

Min. "I see, sir. Chess is a game of intellectual—billiards of mere *manual* skill."

L. "Exactly, sir."

Min. "Do you not think, sir, that Euclid would be a safe substitute to train the opening mind?"

L. "O, yes; but Euclid is too severe for unremitting study. We must have relaxation. No man can endure to plod at *science* always."

Min. "But, Mr. L., if chess is so much like mathematics, how can it subserve the ends of relaxation. I should think, from your account, that it would only be exchanging one heavy burden for another. As a means of mental discipline I cannot approve the game. You know that study has two objects. One is to train the mind to the vigorous use of all its powers. If chess, as you aver, accomplishes that end, another of great importance it never can subserve, namely, the acquisition of knowledge."

L. "It has not all the uses of science; but it has one peculiar advantage. By provoking to emulation it rouses mind to its best efforts. And it also blends relaxation with mental discipline."

Min. "What relaxation can it give? If you were preparing to address a jury, would you not prefer a walk in the garden to a game of chess just before you commence the argument?"

L. "You drive me to close quarters. The relaxation it affords is somewhat general, and I cannot just now specify particulars."

Here the conversation took a new turn. Whether the theme was changed by design or by accident is immaterial. The next topic was camp meetings. Mr. L. was invited to attend one just about to commence in the neighborhood. He declined. He did not "approve of such meetings." He had heard much of "the unseemly confusion which prevails at these forest gatherings," and could not think it right to encourage them.

"Have you ever attended a camp meeting?" said the minister.

L. "No, sir; I was not willing to invade others' rights, and was aware that if I went, I should be provoked to levity. I therefore resolved not to go near them."

Min. "But ought you to condemn them on the testimony of others, when you might have made your own observations?"

L. "My witnesses were unimpeachable, and, I presume, stated facts."

Min. "But I submit it to you, as a lawyer, whether inspection is not better than report."

* Continued from page 77.

L. "I suppose it is."

Min. "Then you have unwarrantably condemned us. I think, Mr. L., you should come to our meeting. We may surely claim that our trial, as the instigators and supporters of camp meetings, be according to the 'rules of evidence, which require' the best proof that the nature of the case admits."

L. "That is not unreasonable; and now I will either come to your meeting, or say no more on the subject of disorder."

After dinner the clergymen departed. Mr. L. was surprised, not to say mortified, to find an "ignorant Methodist preacher" so well informed, and withal so shrewd in conversation, that even on topics concerning which he supposed clerical men knew very little, the argument was rather against himself.

"You caught a Tartar," said the Doctor, as the gentlemen withdrew, and left Mr. L. and his companion to trifle away another hour at chess.

The third day after this, as Mr. L. was walking in the yard, the Doctor rode up, and asked him if he would visit the camp ground.

L. "You are not serious?"

Doctor. "Get into my carriage, and I will show you."

L. "Then I answer no. I cannot ride in that direction. Any where else, if you please."

Dr. "But they have got into difficulty with the rowdies, and want your advice."

"Go, husband," said Mrs. L., who, overhearing the conversation, had come to the door, and was listening to the proposal with deep interest.

Mr. L. looked first at the Doctor and then at the door, as uncertain what to do, or whether either was in earnest.

L. "Doctor, you say they are in trouble."

Dr. "Yes; and they ought to be protected in their rights. I wish you would go over and help them."

L. "Well, this is the legitimate result of camp meetings. Yet, as you say, they have the right—that is, the *legal* right—to worship God, or Satan if they will, undisturbed. I will go with you in ten minutes."

Mr. L. made a hasty preparation, took a seat in the Doctor's carriage, and in one hour was, for the first time, in full *audience* of a camp ground. He had lived thirty-one years, much of the time in proximity to such meetings; yet, though often urged, he had never before approached such a scene. As he neared the encampment, his curiosity became intense. He leaned forward in a listening attitude to catch the sound of many voices which struck upon his ear. He expected to witness the wildest disorder, and the most incoherent ravings; but the distant voices which greeted him were all in concert and harmony. It was the sound of praise, swelling out from the midst of the forest in slow and well distinguished measure, like pealing anthems from the groves of paradise. They stopped in the midst of straggling parties of profane, vulgar men, whose appearance almost justified Mr. L.'s pre-conceived notions of a camp meeting. But alighting, and leaving

the horse and carriage to other hands, in a few minutes the "outer court" was passed, and the Doctor and his friend entered the area consecrated to the worship of Jehovah. In this was a very large assembly, standing in graceful order, and singing a hymn, which, after the manner of the Methodists, was "lined" by a minister who occupied a sheltered platform before them. The two thousand voices which made the music seemed like the spontaneous gushing forth of super-abounding joy. Prayer followed, and then those words,

"Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place,
Can make any change in my mind,"

were poured out upon the depths around, and creation seemed to be hymning its thanksgivings to the great Author of life and its beatitudes.

The hymn closed. The congregation silently settled down into their seats, and the preacher who had so lately challenged the utility of chess, arose to address them. He named a familiar text, which, in its exposition and discussion, brought to view the depravity of the heart, and the necessity of an incarnate and crucified Savior. He set forth man, in all his attributes, fair and repulsive—in his guilt, shame, and misery, and in one other feature, which was almost new to Mr. L. He represented this guilty being as absolutely *helpless*, unable to turn and do good works, "without the grace of God by Christ preventing him, that he may have a good will, and working with him when he has that good will."

The discourse was not perfect. It had not that exact unity which is displayed in the sermons of Wesley, nor the inimitable simplicity which graces his masterly productions. Yet it was manly and convincing in thought and delivery, and so superior to Mr. L.'s ideas of "Methodist preaching," that he was taken wholly by surprise. He was compelled to acknowledge that not one written sermon in fifty from the trained theologians of the day possessed half the merit of this, what seemed to be, extempore discourse.

The preacher closed with a pathetic appeal to saints and sinners, endeavoring to rouse the zeal of the former and the fears of the latter. He was successful. Amens, blessings, and halleluiahs, were intermixed with sighs, groans, and shrieks, until the voice of the preacher was drowned. Unable any longer to be heard, he fell back from his station, and standing in the midst of ten or twelve of his brethren, who had now risen to their feet, he remained, statue like, with his streaming eyes and supplicating hands uplifted to heaven, and all the deep fervors of his soul beaming forth in his expressive features. In this posture there was nothing dramatic. It was evidently unpremeditated and spontaneous. Mr. L. felt it to be so. He had looked for greater extravagances. But he expected to detect a fraud where he now plainly perceived the convincing evidences of deep sincerity. He had never before witnessed a spectacle to him so purely and movingly sublime. The holy man before him seemed gradually to be transformed in

every shape and lineament, till Mr. L. could scarcely realize that the great Intercessor himself had not suddenly re-appeared to pour his healing benedictions on that vast multitude. At this instant there was a stir in the midst of the assembly. Mr. L. cast his eye in its direction, and saw a man, in the meridian of life, of remarkably athletic appearance, rushing through the crowd towards the stand. His hands were clenched, and raised toward heaven, and his features were distorted with agony. He reached what was called the altar, and falling upon his face, gave one shriek, which sounded like a note of despair, and lay helpless and silent, a spectacle to the gazing multitude. "Come forward!" exclaimed the ministers from the stand, repeating the invocation with pressing earnestness. In a minute their words were responded to by groans, shouts, shrieks, and halleluiahs. The voices of the preachers were no longer heard, but they continued to wave their hands, and by gesture invite the people forward. A rush commenced for the altar, and scores were soon kneeling or fallen within it, while others, in masses, were pressing around them, mingling their loud expressions of triumph with the wailings of their unconverted but heart-stricken friends. The preachers descended from their stations, and mingling with the people, pointed sinners to the cross, and urged the devout to plead in prayer for their conversion.

Mr. L. watched the progress of the scene with emotions which he could scarcely endure, yet could by no effort suppress. He had heard just such scenes described. He supposed that a view of them would provoke in his bosom no other feeling but disgust. But it was otherwise. He felt a solemnity, an awe, so great, that a faintness came over him; and unwittingly he leaned, pale and trembling, against a tree, and every now and then his hand was upon his heart, as though it were uneasy and pained within him. Nor did he observe that his friend, with a *sang froid* peculiar to himself, eyed him closely, and read in his manner the perturbations of his mind. At length the Doctor said,

"Mr. L., suppose we step forward and see what is going on."

"Doctor, I am sick of it. This is a singular scene, and I am at a loss what to think. I believe we had better return."

"Tut! we must stay long enough to speak with these ministers, and hear one or two more of them preach."

So saying, he seized Mr. L. by the arm, and casting at him a significant glance, as much as to say, "Are you frightened?" drew him along to a position where more than a hundred sin-sick souls were crying for mercy.

The sight was wholly new to Mr. L. He had never until then seen a sinner convicted to the point of crying aloud in the presence of others for the pardon of sin. Now, to behold so many writhing in such insupportable agony, though he strove to be a stoic, nearly overwhelmed him. But he endeavored to rally himself, and at last resolved to examine one convict after an-

other more minutely. He thought to detect in them some tokens of affectation or hypocrisy, which would relieve his mind of the growing apprehension that this was a Divine power moving on the hearts of the people.

The first upon whom he fixed his attention was a young man kneeling before him, with his face in his handkerchief, uttering suppressed cries for mercy; and, though not loudest in his grief, apparently one of the most earnest in petition. With the right hand he pressed his handkerchief to his face, and with the left alternately clutched the railing, smote his breast, or seized his own hair with a violence which it was painful to witness. "I will watch him," thought Mr. L., "until I see the result." He fastened his eyes upon the youth, as resolved to detect in him the cause of his real, or the proof of his pretended distress. For half an hour the struggle increased in violence, and then, from exhaustion, grew more and more feeble. At last the young man became motionless and silent. Mr. L. was about to relinquish his position, but had not yet turned away his eyes when the young man began to say, in an under tone, "Blessed Savior!" with frequent yet solemn repetitions; his voice, meanwhile, waxing louder and louder, and his manner more and more confident and joyful, till at last, springing to his feet, he uttered in loud accents the raptures of his soul. What was Mr. L.'s surprise to find, from his features, till now concealed, that this was a youth of his acquaintance, in whose good sense and sincerity he had unbounded confidence. The suspicion of fraud was quickly banished, and it remained to inquire for the cause of so great sorrow, succeeded by such joy.

At this moment, Mr. L.'s attention was drawn another way. The leader of this *melee*—the rude athletic man who first approached the altar—had risen from the ground, and, with loud cries for mercy, was plunging this way and that way, to the detriment of those around, and not without danger to himself. A glance or two satisfied Mr. L. that he, also, was an acquaintance. In a civil suit, involving petty interests, he had applied for counsel; and this had revealed his character to Mr. L. in a most repulsive light. He was a sinner extraordinary. But his appearance did not indicate that he meant to continue such. He was repenting. They who knew him could not doubt it. His face was bruised and bleeding. His lips were compressed, and unequivocally bespoke the horrors of unaneled contrition. Mr. L. grew dizzy as he gazed, and, like the tones of the last trumpet, these words of Jesus fell upon his heart, "Verily, I say unto you, the publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before you." The word of God is "quick and powerful;" but the Spirit makes it so. Its blow was heavy then on the conscience of Mr. L. He became sick and faint. His friend saw it, and though an infidel, he was for a moment moved. They drew back from a scene so uncongenial to their tastes, and took a seat where they could not see, yet might hear the continued expressions of grief or joy.

(To be continued.)

Original.

MANNERS AND MORALS.*

IN resuming the narrative of Louisa, my young readers will recollect that we left her at a point of the story where, denying her heart, and following the bent of her will, she had refused to marry the man that she both admired and esteemed, because he was poor; and we must not so qualify her fault as to call it a *mistake*. But to our narrative.

The gentleman she married was a man of fashion, amiable, fluent, and easy in conversation, and with that gracefulness of deportment which betokens its undoubted derivation of gentility. And he was possessed of a very large fortune. He was a native of the south, and made his proposals to the lady in a shorter time after his introduction to her than a New Englander would have thought decorous. And so, too, thought Louisa; and although her mind was fully made up to accept him, yet she bantered the subject, saying, "There is one thing, sir, that I admire, and that is your 'modest assurance' in letting me know your mind so soon. We have now been acquainted," said she, counting on her fingers, "Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, five, and Tuesday is six—six whole days, and you wish an answer—a positive assurance." But seeing him look wounded and annoyed, she added in a more serious tone, "I know I ought to admire most your willingness to *take me on trust*. I ought to thank you for your good opinion—which I do—and I would wish to retain it; but," she added playfully, "you must know I am *very* discreet; and the proverb says, 'after two persons have eaten a bushel of salt together they know each other better than they did before.' So, sir, you must stay and partake of our hospitality awhile, and then, if you please, you may speak again."

When she related this conversation, her friend remarked to her, "But, Louisa, were you not afraid of offending your lover, and that he would think you trifled with his regard?" "No," said she, "what other play had I left? Upon so precipitate a declaration how could I know if indeed he were in earnest or not? And so I affected to believe him in jest. We must have our little tactics on our side as well as the gentlemen on theirs; and it is commonly their aggression which calls ours out." "But that caution is so unlike you," said the friend. "Not at all," replied Louisa, "you have never seen me yet where marrying was the question;" and she added with a characteristic mixture of levity and good sense, "One can't be too careful with strangers. I declare, I almost think of marriage as the philosopher, Gibbon, did of death, 'that at best 'tis but a leap in the dark!'" But to our narrative.

In the course of a few weeks, the expiration of Mr. C.'s sojourn at the north, he renewed his suit, and was accepted. They were married; and after making a bridal excursion, the tour of the cities, Louisa was introduced to her splendid home in C—. She had one

of the best houses in the city, elegantly furnished, an equipage, numerous servants, &c. And under these circumstances, the gay young couple were not likely to be neglected by society. The husband was liberal and indulgent, and their house was the resort of all who wished to participate in its luxuries and delights. And now possessed of all she had desired, poor Louisa was doomed to find how insufficient are the mere outward circumstances of life to bestow happiness. Amongst the earliest letters she wrote to her mother is one in which, after pathetically bewailing her separation from "the friends of her life," she says, "Yet I am now possessed of all that I wished for. I have an assured friend, and society proffers me its homages. My attendants come at my beck and call—all that fortune can bestow is mine—I tread upon the softest of Turkey carpets, my chandeliers have twenty burners, and polished mirrors reflect the splendor of my rooms. Yet what is it all! In the midst I sit like the enchanted princess of the eastern tale; but I, alas! am *disenchanted*! All to me seems vapid and unreal. I am low and sad, and a *continual want pervades my bosom*! I miss not my family only, but I miss my friends; for conversation here, with all its refinements, is not what I have been accustomed to—it seems to me not so intellectual." This latter complaint, not just in the general, was so in the particular. And the instance, alas! in which she perceived the deficiency, was in her own husband. And though she expressed not this, yet involuntarily she compared his with the more gifted mind of one with whom she had been accustomed to converse since the days of her childhood. She had too much principle to dwell upon this idea; nor did it estrange her feelings from him she had chosen. But to her consciousness the violated right of a true sentiment was vindicated, and the false principle of a marriage of interest was ever apparent. And there came across her a change. Her lively mind was flattened. For her wit there was no recipient—no auditor for the delectable stores of her fancy—her eloquence was unelicited and unrewarded.

My reader will perceive that, had Louisa been religiously trained, all these things had been subordinate, and that the interest of her feelings had been sufficient to hold them in check; but now they seemed to occupy a portion of her character which should have been devoted to more important concerns; and they tended rather to annoy than to console her. Yet her good sense sustained her equanimity, though not her cheerfulness; and she soothed her silent reverie by the determination never to complain. "I acknowledge my mistake, but I will bear the consequence. My pride has deceived me, and my disappointment is of my own seeking. I ought," said she, "to be satisfied in the friendship of my husband;" but when she had got so far she was startled; for she could not deny that though he was unboundedly liberal and indulgent to her, yet he had never given any evidence of character enough to value a woman for any but the extrinsic merits of beauty and personal accomplishments. He

* Concluded from page 80.

had expressed himself well pleased, it is true, with her compliant disposition, and that she seemed satisfied to submit her tastes to his in the arrangements he had provided for her; for she had far too much delicacy, considering he had provided them, to dissent in matters which involved no serious principle. Again she wrote to her mother, saying that she believed she was not unhappy. But she was not happy. She did not know what was the matter. She wished she had something to wish for. Alas, for her moral sensibility!—alas, for her spiritual deadness! She suffered the penalty of her ignorance, unknowing of relief! Finally, she said that she had been so accustomed to a large family at home, that she believed if her mother could send her on a few of the children, she should feel better. And she thought her health was not as good as usual. And indeed it was not. The very great change of climate had begun to take effect upon her constitution, and to sap away its soundness and its strength. She lost her spirits with her health, and her beauty in some measure declined. And her husband became, not unkind, but in some degree indifferent to her. And this anxiety oppressed her. But her kind mother prevailed upon a son, a year younger than Louisa, to go to her, and a sister, aged fifteen, accompanied him. Mr. C., the husband, who had joined in the invitation, was almost as much rejoiced as Louisa to welcome them, both out of courtesy and out of good feeling to his wife, and above all because her declining health had rendered her a burden upon his hands. Mr. C. was too amiable to commit any ungentle act; yet poor Louisa could not but perceive that she was deserted at unnecessary hours, and that this disposition was changing from neglect to estrangement. She had ever had the principle of loving her husband, and with all his inferiority she had loved him. For such a change to take place when her health had become low, was more than her sinking spirits could bear; and still, for want of religious training, or of religious example about her, she had not entertained one idea, or had hardly an apprehension upon the subject of spiritual consolations. Her natural character was one of much fortitude, and she strove with a sort of stoic pride to bear her griefs. And all but that which touched her tenderness she could bear. But here the repressed sensibilities of her life found vent, and her pillow was wet with many a tear.

She had ever been entirely free of superstitious belief. Despite of this, in the low tone of her health, she had a dream which affected her, and fastened itself upon her. I have not mentioned that two years before her marriage Louisa had lost her beloved father. Her dream now was that he had come to her, bringing two "pale horses," and told her that she must ride one of the horses, and that he should also leave the other! She remonstrated, and said that she feared to ride the horse—when he smiled upon her, and broke into the beautiful sailor song of Dibden—

"There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
And watches the life of poor Jack."

3

She awoke weeping and agitated, and when she mentioned her dream to Mr. C., he told her she was nervous and feverish, and that there was nothing more of it than that. But the real signification was that, together with her imaginative cast of mind, she also entertained unacknowledged apprehensions that her health was declining unto death.

The society of her brother and her sister cheered her up for awhile; but she soon relapsed into deep sadness. At this time her brother wrote his mother, that she had better write on and solicit her daughter and husband to come north to her, and that perhaps old scenes and her native air might restore Louisa's health. This was done immediately. Mr. C. willingly acceded to the arrangement; and as his affairs required his presence in England, he was pleased to leave his wife in the protection of her friends during his absence. He brought her on to her mother at B—. He supplied her liberally with funds, and staying one day, he bade his wife adieu, and took passage for England from the city of New York. Louisa, in the spirit of old times, bade him a cheerful adieu, yet feeling, in her own heart, that in like circumstances she could not have left him. She knew that her husband was not mercenary, and that the motive of his voyage was a mixed one. He could not bring himself to voluntary attendance upon a sick chamber. His trip, he said, would take him at most but three months—he would hasten his return and find her well. At parting, as I have said, she bestowed a gratuitous smile, and seemed to assent to his words of consolation; but when he was indeed gone, she retreated hastily to her chamber, where her mother found her in a passion of tears.

And now again her young companions gathered about her. They told her how well she looked—never more so than now—told her how bright were her eyes—how fine her complexion! It is true, her eyes were never more brilliant than now; and, though unknown to them, it was the hectic that "glowed on her cheek and reveled in her eye." But it is impossible that the changes attendant upon even the first approaches of disease should not occasion many a sad distrustful moment to the sufferer; and though these are mostly unacknowledged, are not the less perceived, but only more impressive and saddening for that. And Louisa, now returned to the bosom of her family, and the long excitement of traveling, of new characters, and of varied scenes, being past, she had time to think; and her health changing from week to week, first the parlor was relinquished, then the sofa was changed for the bed, and the Doctor's visits became more frequent. He was more anxiously expected, and his brow became a shade sadder when he bade her "Good morning," and his voice a note lower when he would try to reassure her; for his was a kind and humane heart, and he knew full well that his young patient was hastening to the grave. Nor should we charge him with unfaithfulness; for we know that it is the physician's device to cherish as long as possible the principle of *hope*—

the natural hope of recovery. And so it was in the case of poor Louisa. Her mother had foreborne to speak to her on the subject of death. Yet there was no attempt at concealment. What was not expressed was yet implied; and she thought that the awful conviction, working by the natural changes of disease, might be trusted to the mercy of nature, and would in this way lose some of the harshness of announcement by words. She observed, too, that a great change had come over the spirits of her daughter—she seemed busying herself in preparation. She confined her reading to the Scriptures and to some books of hymns. And one morning, when the physician appeared, she said to him, "Doctor, tell me one thing, which I have never yet asked you—a thing which I ought to be confirmed in—tell me if I *must* die." And the answer was, "It is impossible that you can ever recover!" Louisa turned over in her bed with her face to the wall and her eyes cast upwards; and for more than an hour she neither spoke nor answered, but waived away with her hand all approach, and seemed to be in one long prayer—a communing with her own soul—an intercession for a strength beyond her own, which she now relinquished. The Doctor, at the request of the mother, had waited in another room. He now returned, and found his patient calm—assured, as it were. She said, "Now, Doctor, I shall not live *long*. Hope was interwoven with my vitality—when the one is disturbed, the other must be shaken. Yet it is much better that I be settled. I can now give all my attention to my soul's wants. And, O, how changed does every thing appear to me in the view of death! Had I my life to live over again, how much nearer to God would I live! I have thought myself animated, lively, and interested; but what has it been?—the rush of health, the play of the spirits, and comparatively nothing of reality in it all! It is only *now* that I seem to live—so much deeper seated is my consciousness—so much more earnest my desiring! But my aspiration is now for God; and there is no unsteadiness about it! O, may I not exchange that sense of worldly hope for a hope that shall be subject to no more change?" And so it was.

She lingered longer than she had expected, and the care of her soul seemed to absorb her whole being. Her physician observed of her that she evinced a surprising strength of mind. "I would," said he, "give half I am worth in the world, could money purchase it, to be possessed of her fortitude—her resignation!" Some young friend spoke her regrets that one so young should die. "Having made my peace with God, I am old enough," said she; "I wish not to live—life in all its forms has had a distaste to me, and I have never until lately known *why*. It was *because a capacity of my being—my soul—has been entirely left out of the account!*

'This world is vain,
But only to the vain.'

As to mere worldly prosperity," continued she, "I have had enough of it. I have tried it all—I have been to the

feast of life, and am sated. Now I go to a better state, where my position shall be ascertained and assured—where God the Savior is all in all!"

Once she seemed called back to this life. She exclaimed, "My dear Harry! I shall see him no more!" and she wept herself down to composure, and spoke of him not again. For two or three nights before her death she declined taking an opiate as usual, saying with a firm voice to the Doctor, "I await my God, and I would be entirely sensible." And so it was. Her dying hour was a long, hard struggle. She would speak at times, giving assurance to her friends. At last she said, "It is hard, but it is almost over." Previously she had given orders to be robed in the plainest manner, saying, "Let there be no vanity about my coffin, for there really is none left in my heart."

And now was the funeral! Fifteen months before, those rooms had been filled with the bridal party—now was assembled there the same company; but in the midst was a corpse—pale shadow of humanity—and the marble brow—the long closed lashes—a quiet smile, and the folded hands; and above the breast, upon a doubled kerchief, was placed—a ring!

Seven months after the death of Louisa, the young sister who had visited her, *died*. The climate of the south had probably precipitated the death of both.

And the husband? He returned a few weeks after her death, and wept upon her grave. He placed a costly tomb over her, and turned away and took the world again!

And now does my young reader assert that my narrative affords her no instruction? I would hope not so. It is true I have presented a faulty character to her, but one which at the same time, she can perceive, might have been rendered both useful and happy. Had Louisa lived in other days—in these days—she had probably surpassed, in true worth, many who at a casual reading may pass judgment against her. The ground of her character, perverted by false usages, was generally good; and although she was possessed of an inordinate pride, yet that, as well as other sins, had her heart been early regenerated, had fed the pile of sacrifice. We see that she was sincere, and possessed a good aptitude of truth; and whatever she had proposed to do, she would have given herself to do effectually and really. She died very young, aged twenty-one years and ten months. Had the influences of society then been as correct, as circumspect as now, her good sense had doubtless, in time, prevailed over her more glaring errors of character, and she would have conformed herself to those models of propriety which she would not have been slow to discern. One unsuspected evil betrayed her greatly—I mean the Circulating Library—in those days made up of the details of heroism, instead of those of piety, and inculcating exaggerated views, and giving false lights of character. Louisa married a man who, though not actually vicious, was light and frivolous, and unsuited to engross her power of sympathy. The most capital mistake one can make, as it regards this life, is to choose wrong

in marriage. And when the motive is put on a wrong basis, one cannot fail to choose wrong. Louisa was not very unhappy in her marriage; but in this instance she might have been eminently happy. She might have married a man whose regard could have influenced her day by day to higher motives and purer aspirations, even to the making up of her character by those graces which she obtained only on her death-bed. These are better times than those. And following the leadings even of custom, it is now easier to go right, and less excusable to go wrong than it then was.

Finally, whilst the gentlemen deny any admixture of good to "the times" which do not afford them a "bank," let females, eschewing politics, take a gentler interpretation, and acknowledge that these are at least the days when *temperance* prevails—when all the world may *read*—when "the poor have the Gospel preached to them"—and *revivals* in all Churches, tend to the hastening of that millenium which consists in Christ's kingdom upon earth.

Original.

ASPIRATIONS.

FAR, far into yon dome of misty blue

My spirit soars beyond the sparkling sun,
To where, upon his throne, sits God the true—

The everlasting and almighty One!
And should I not unto thy dwelling flee?—

I who so well the weary world have tried?
Have I not found a faithful friend in thee,
Whatever might my shrinking soul betide?

Have I not sought the shelter of thy wings,
When my sad heart e'en to the core was wrung,
And found that sweet security which brings
Rest to the soul which has by grief been stung?

I know thou sittest in thy glory, where
The beauteous skies to thy pure eyes look dim;
'Tis vain to tell me that thou art not *there*,
For nature sings it in her daily hymn!

Do not the trees look upward to the sky?
The star-like flow'rs that spring up thro' the sod,
The birds, with nature's impulse, spring on high,
And point unto the dwelling of our God!
O, darkest mystery of the moral world,
That some should deem the Christian's creed in vain,
That reason's shafts should be so often hurl'd,
To prove it but a phantom of the brain!

O, dark, indeed, would be our weary lot,
If Bethlehem's star shone not with cheering ray—
If thou, O uncreated One, wert not!—
Were there no hope of an unclouded day!
I know that thou art there, for upward mount
The burning thoughts which thou hast given to me—
The gentle waters of my heart's warm fount
In their deep quietude are stirr'd by thee.

Ś. J. HOWE.

Original.

FIRE-SIDE GLEANINGS.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WANDERER RETURNING.

MORE than a year has rolled away since the third chapter of the Gleanings appeared in the Repository. Another chapter was sent in, but being partly poetry, it, by some mishap, lost its heading, and appeared without its original title. As spring advanced, the subject might still have been an appropriate one, at least as far as the writer was concerned; for in the chilly north "lingering winter threw his diamond frosts upon the lap of spring," as though reluctant to depart, and we hovered over our fire-sides until summer roses blushed around our doors. Yet although surrounded by objects calculated, by the associations of memory, to inspire the mind with glowing thought, I forgot distant duties in the sweet enjoyment of the present; for having returned, after an absence of many years, to the home of my youth, like a miser I clung to my new found treasures, lest the next moment should tear them from my embrace. Conversation with the living, and sweet communions with the departed, filled up every hour not occupied with the necessary duties of passing life; and when I remembered absent friends, it was only to sigh that they were not with me to heighten my enjoyment.

But once more safely domiciled in the "far west," the home of my adoption, I feel at my fingers' ends a most unaccountable itching, the cause of which sensation I shall leave those to explain who best understand it; and if my readers will forgive the frequent use of the *first person singular*, or of its imperial scape-goat, *we*, (both of which, for the last half hour, I have with the most laudable perseverance been laboring in vain to expunge,) and thus shield me from the charge of egotism, I will endeavor to interest them with a few reminiscences of the land of my forefathers. Yet I must be allowed to wander, and in accordance with the title under which I am writing, to glean a little here and a little there, that I may, if possible, extract the honey of improvement from every source.

LONG ISLAND SOUND—SCENERY—REFLECTIONS.

The rays of the morning sun danced lightly over the blue wave, as we left the harbor of New York, and were rapidly wafted on our way towards the familiar shores of old Connecticut. Although the month of May was far advanced, nature had but scantily assumed her accustomed robe of green, and vainly sought to hide her nakedness with the blushing flowers of the fruit and forest tree. As we passed up the East River a host of incidents were called up from memory's domain, and dwelt upon with mingled feelings of satisfaction and regret. On one of the tallest hills of yon surf-dashed island, stood a spacious dwelling-house, where, in days of yore, at the tender age of seventeen, I had been engaged as a private teacher. From my window I enjoyed as varied and picturesque a view as often meets the eye. In one direction the spires of New York,

although twenty miles distant, marked distinct lines upon the horizon. Before us lay a wide extent of country, beautifully diversified by hill and dale, and filled up with thriving farm-houses. Beyond this sparkled the waters of the East River, and Long Island Sound, bearing upon their bosom every kind of craft. The little pleasure boat, the gaily painted schooner, and the puffing steamer, might be seen at any hour gliding along toward their destined ports; and sometimes, though but seldom, the gallant ship, with her towering masts, attracted our longing but unsatisfied curiosity. Farther on appeared blooming West Chester, building her *palaces* even to the water's edge and bathing her skirts in the salt spray; while the glittering spires of her neat villages seemed to allure the soul to the contemplation of a more enduring beauty. In one of these villages a sister but three years my senior was engaged as a governess in an academy. In a direct line we were but four or five miles apart; yet we could not conveniently meet short of a two days' journey by the way of New York. Still it was sweet to think of her as being so near in reality; and often have I, from my chamber window, gazed for hours across the moonlit waves, and upon the beautiful islets which they encircled, knowing full well that while I was but idolizing the beauty of nature, my dear sister was looking "from nature up to nature's God," and perchance breathing forth her prayers for her who was yet a stranger to the way of life.

Sometimes in the spring the whole horizon was illumined with a long array of fires which had been kindled upon the meadows of the opposite shore, apparently with the intent to destroy the dead grass. Whatever may have been the intent, the effect at night was brilliant. There was another feature in the landscape which I would not omit. Away in the dim distance, yet standing forth in bold relief upon the adjacent sky, and extending for miles, frowned the lofty palisades from the western banks of the Hudson. When in the shade they scowled like gloomy giants upon the lovely river winding at their base; but when bathed in the golden rays of Aurora, the glowing hues of the rainbow could alone represent their exceeding beauty. Still majestic—still sublime—yet now upon their brows grace sat enthroned with grandeur.

But now, kind reader, if you please, we will descend from our mountain elevation, and skipping over the adjoining ground, return to Long Island Sound, whose foaming waves we were just entering, as I turned aside in the above digression. Upon leaving New York I had been kindly presented with a book as a relief from ennui. I did not need it. One moment my thoughts were away, holding intercourse with the eventful past—the next they were spell-bound in the bright associations of the present. The scenery of these waters had always been familiar to me. In early childhood I used to clap my little hands with delight as my ardent gaze rested upon their farther shores, not dreaming that their *irised* hues were but the softened effect of light, shadow, and distance. Alas! how often, in maturer

life, have I been similarly deceived in things of greater moment!

Yes, hope cheats the longing vision,
With a rainbow clad in light;
But ere reach'd, the false Elysian
Fades in the embrace of night.

THE TRIAL.

I have crossed and re-crossed the Sound many times, and have often been exposed to imminent danger. Under such circumstances, every little incident connected either with ourselves or others, is prone to be remembered. Native character then appears undisguised, and traits of selfishness, or exhibitions of generosity, alternately surprise us as appearing in those from whom they were least expected. When a child of eight years I embarked, in company with my friends, on board a sloop, to attend a camp meeting on Long Island. A serene sky and a smooth wave made promise of a safe and pleasant trip. The melody of sacred music, and the words of fervent prayer, bursting from the lips of warm devotion, uprose to heaven, and one would have supposed, judging from the sweet expressions of love and hope written upon the faces of many, that the last hour of dread account could not come amiss. There was a terrible shock! Our bark careened—over—over—and finally settled, making so much of an inclined plane of our cabin floor, that nothing could stand erect. Chairs, tables, and settees lay heaped together. The voice of agonized terror arose from the lips of many, while others fainted. We had struck a rock, and were now fast lodged upon it, without a possibility of escaping from our unpleasant situation until the tide should rise. There were but few who were able to control their fears. In this moment of general dismay, there was one young woman who appeared composed; and assuming an air almost of reproof, she exclaimed, "Now is the time to try your souls—to show you what is in your heart—to prove whether you are Christians or not!" Will my readers credit me when I tell them that this person has since given up her profession and gone back into the world? Alas, for consistency! Alas, for poor Mary! The allurements of life won her away from the fellowship of the humble followers of Jesus; and now, when those allurements are withdrawn, and the troubles of this world press heavily upon her, she gropes in darkness, and refuses to come to the great Source of light and life. Not in the spirit of uncharitable censure, or of unkindly feeling, have I referred to this incident; for it becomes us to seek to restore the wandering in the spirit of meekness, considering ourselves, lest we also be tempted.

But to return to my narrative. We were not long in ascertaining that we were in no immediate danger of drowning, as the water was only about three feet deep in the place where we struck, and the boat was still sound. We remained there six hours, during which time the gentlemen amused themselves with bathing and swimming, and the ladies as best they could, where none could stand upright. At last, with the rising tide, we were released from our thralldom,

and were soon safely landed at the camp-ground, which, for the present, I will pass unnoticed.

THE CONTRAST.

I cannot prevail upon myself to omit the presentation here of what may appear to some an over-wrought picture; nevertheless, every part of it is literally true. The year 1832 was distinguished by a revival of religion, in which most of the Churches in Connecticut were greatly blessed. Ellen C—— had, from the commencement of the revival, been the subject of the most powerful and distressing convictions. She attended meeting after meeting, and was always among the mourners. She saw her young companions, one after another, receiving the evidence of pardoned sin, and rejoicing in the liberty of the children of God; and she felt, in the bitterness and depravity of her heart, that it had been better for her had she never been born. There were some who blamed, and more who pitied; but He who seeth not as man seeth alone knew why she thus remained unblessed. As the time approached for the holding of the camp meeting on Long Island, her mother and other friends determined to attend, and to take Ellen with them in the hope that she might there be enabled to find that peace for which she languished. There was a young boy living in the family of her mother with whom Ellen had been associated, as the son of a neighbor, from infancy. He was the child of a dissipated man, who left to his offspring, as their only inheritance, his full belief in universal salvation. Poor Edmund had never been instructed in any thing relative to Christianity; while Ellen, on the contrary, had ever enjoyed the counsel and instruction of pious friends, and had been the subject not only of many prayers, but of deep convictions. Edmund had expressed an anxious desire to attend the approaching meeting; and when asked why he wished to go, he replied, "To get religion." Of course his request was granted, and they left home in company, he having the care of the horses and carriage which conveyed the party from their residence to B——, (a distance of nineteen miles,) where, as soon as they arrived, they took the boat, having first dispatched Edmund two miles in the country with the horses, which could not conveniently be kept in town. He was directed to go and return as quickly as possible for fear of being left. He was unfortunately detained over his time. The fires were already kindled, and the steam was raised. The passengers were all on board—the first bell rang—then the second—they left the wharf, and Edmund was not with them. Ellen had been standing on the deck, anxiously gazing this way and that, and deeply sympathizing with him in his disappointment; but finding that he was indeed left, with tearful eyes and a sad heart, she retired to the cabin. Evening saw them safely disembarked, their tents erected, and every thing comfortably arranged for a week's encampment. Whoever has attended a camp meeting of this kind upon Long Island will appreciate my feelings when I say that years have never effaced their remembrance. I need not pause here to describe particularly what is probably so

familiar to most, unless it be to remark, that beauty of local situation and scenery not only contribute much to intellectual enjoyment, but have more to do with the elevation of the moral as well as devotional feelings than is commonly supposed. Far be it from me to put this or any other agency in the place of that holy influence which cometh from above, and which can alone subdue the proud heart of man; yet may it not be blessed and sanctified as a means accessory to that great work? The situation for the meeting here referred to was all that could have been desired by the most fastidious lover of natural beauty. We were just far enough removed from the water to free us from being annoyed by the arrival and departure of the numerous boats, yet within sound of the restless murmurings of its crested billows. The interlacing branches of the rich forest tree shaded us from the intense heat of an August sun, yet leaving here and there a space through which the golden light might revel on their glossy green. Our tents rose gently in each direction from the stand, forming an amphitheatre, and inclosing a large space, fitted up as usual for the accommodation of an audience. When to these accompaniments were added the thrilling melodies of sacred music, and the voice of holy prayer, which, from its deep fervor, you might almost deem inspired, with the eloquent appeal from the lips of the earnest preacher, and last not least, when from the answering heavens came down the precious influences of grace, like dew upon the new mown grass, swaying that mighty concourse by their unseen power, where was the eye that could dare to mock?—where the heart that could refuse submission? How sweet were the notes of praise that arose from the lips of the new born soul! How melting the agonized expressions of the heart-stricken convict! Yet Ellen was one who seemed to agonize in vain—to whom the heavens seemed as brass, and the earth as iron. And why? Not because God was not ready and willing to save, but because her heart was unbelieving and did not trust.

Upon the third day of the meeting a boat came in from B——, and Edmund was among the passengers. On Monday, when he returned from the errand upon which he had been sent, and found the boat had gone, he burst into tears; and not knowing what course to pursue, yet loth to give up his intention, he stood by the shore utterly disconsolate. A stranger observing his appearance, questioned him, and having learned something of his little history, was kind enough to introduce him to the captain of another boat, who offered him a free passage to the Island on Wednesday, his first found friend taking care of him until that time. When Edmund reached the camp-ground, he scarcely paused to answer the inquiries of his friends; but hurrying forward where he heard the voice of prayer and praise, he threw himself upon his knees beside those who were earnestly seeking salvation. There were but two days more. Time wore on—the songs of the happy converts mingled with the cries of the penitents; but Edmund and Ellen were not yet numbered

among them; and when the last morning of the meeting dawned brightly upon them, their hearts were dark with sin and sadness. The farewell hymn was sung, and the people embarked upon the different boats which were to bear them away from the scene of their joys and their sorrows. The face of Ellen wore an expression of gloom—almost of despair—that of Edmund one of subdued thought; and in the prayer meetings which were held during the day, Edmund still presented himself as a mourner, while Ellen, remaining aloof, refused alike the words of comfort or instruction. The day had been remarkably calm; but toward evening the sky was overcast, the gentle breeze became a furious gale, while the vivid lightning flashing through the premature darkness illumined with a terrific brilliancy the feathered surge, whose heavy roaring seemed but the echoing of Heaven's dread artillery. Ellen fled in terror to the cabin, and sought as her only place of shelter her mother's fond embrace. Edmund, still surrounded by a faithful few, refused to rise from his knees without a blessing; and soon above the roaring of that wild storm was heard a shout of joy—the triumph of a new-born soul. Edmund was a convert. In this event there were many who rejoiced, and none more sincerely than Ellen; yet, inconsistent as it may seem, she dared, in the secret depths of her own heart, to arraign her Maker, because she had not received a like blessing. Wearisome days were appointed unto her, and nightly, for many months, was her pillow wet with tears ere she submitted to be saved in God's appointed way. As a natural consequence of this lengthened unbelief, she has never enjoyed as clear an evidence of her acceptance as many others; yet still, "hoping against hope," her trust is alone in the mercies of the living God, through the atonement of his Son.

Perchance my readers are somewhat wearied, and in truth I have almost forgotten where we were when I commenced this little episode; but if I remember aright we were ascending the Sound upon a bright May day; and while I was wandering in thought over memory's misty deep, our boat was bounding merrily on, and before I was aware I was within sight of B——, where numerous friends were ready to welcome the rover to her home. But this being already of sufficient length, my farther reminiscences must form the subject of another Gleaning, unless, in the mean time, something else be found better calculated to instruct and interest.

M. DE FOREST.

KINDNESS.

THE humble current of little kindness, which, though but a creeping streamlet, incessantly flows; although it glides in silent secrecy within the domestic walls, and along the walks of private life and makes neither appearance nor noise in the world; pours in the end a more popular tribute into the store of human comfort and felicity than any sudden and transient flood of detached bounty, however ample, that may rush into it with a mighty sound.

Original.

A SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Through waves and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day."

"Our Father who art in heaven!" This is the language of devotion. The spirit of faith is a filial spirit. It cleaves to God with a comforting conviction that he is a Parent. The spirit of faith exclaims, "Abba, Father!" with a calm and delighted confidence, which none without experience can in any manner conceive. Faith brings the soul to God. It not only opens to the believer a close and clear vision of Deity, but it produces a sense of God's intimate presence, of his unceasing watchfulness and unremitted regard. It moves the soul to look for guiding and sustaining aid to his eternal power and love. Faith is the best expounder of such Scriptures as the following: "In him we live, and move, and have our being;" "Without me ye can do nothing;" "Cast all your care on him, for he careth for you;" "If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, will he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" "Therefore, take no thought, saying, What shall we eat, or what shall we drink? for after all these things do the Gentiles seek, for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things;" "I will not leave you comfortless, [orphans,] I will come unto you;" "Every good and perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights."

These texts inculcate the doctrine of a particular providence. They are on the part of God verbal pledges to us his children of his unremitted and minute attention to our specific wants—to every class of wants, whether they press upon the inward or outward man—whether they assail us through the senses, or by other channels of approach to the soul. We are taught to commence our devotions with the address, "Our Father!" and how naturally does this confiding language point us to the care of an ever watchful Providence! Filial trust looks to such a providence. It implies a solicitude or watchfulness on God's part, proportioned to the exigencies of want and danger which beset his dependent children. The more helpless and exposed the child, the more assiduous are the attentions of its parent. It violates analogy, therefore, to say, as thousands do, that "God regards not our little interests," especially when this is affirmed in relation to the forming stages of our moral constitutions.

From the actions of this life our eternity must receive its stamp or coloring. And how can any thing be viewed as trifling, which is confessed to be primitive or seminal in its relations to that eternity? Of all beings in the universe, man may reasonably claim the special regards of his Maker; not surely for his merit,

but from his moral position; because he is a probationer, restored to trial and to hope—because he is a candidate for the purity and bliss of which Satan the destroyer has despoiled him. If, either of purpose or by inattention, God should suffer to pass uncontrolled occurrences which must bear on the happiness of angels and the interests of heaven, we should consider it an error—we should account it an instance of gross malfeasance or misfeasance in his high office. But even that were not so serious a *laches* in the supreme Executive as inattention to probationers, whose actions bear not on present ends, but, like suffrages at the polls, look to the future—to an interminable future.

We repeat that a spirit of filial confidence in God implies a particular providence. And surely the Scriptures inculcate this spirit. If there were nothing on this point but the introduction of that form of prayer given by Jesus to his disciples, it would be conclusive. Is God our Father? Then will he not disregard the least wants or exposures of his children. To assume otherwise infinitely disparages Jehovah.

It is a blessed state to have this firm trust in Providence—to enjoy a persuasion that God is always near us as our guide and our shield. We should study the Scriptures to ascertain what they teach on this important theme. Having ascertained, we should learn to avail ourselves of its practical benefits. We should be prepared to make it our sudden refuge in all threatening and calamitous emergencies. O let us come to feel that God's presence always surrounds us, and that his arm is stretched forth day and night in our behalf! The most pious and intelligent divines of every age have cordially embraced and earnestly inculcated this doctrine. To reject it is gross infidelity. It is doing violence to God's word, and to the monitions of God's Holy Spirit in the soul.

The world cries out "enthusiasm" when God's children avow this doctrine, especially when they set it forth in connection with examples illustrative of its bearing on human interests. The following instance of this sort, in which the gracious interposition of Providence is the only possible *philosophical* assumption—to say nothing of the principles of religion—provoked much derision on the part of silly infidels. We present it to our readers, as nearly as possible, in the language of the excellent man whose escape it records, and from whose lips we received it.

"I was lately riding a spirited horse on a cold winter's morning, to attend a funeral some miles distant. During the night it had rained and frozen, and the road was glare and dangerous. In an effort to check my horse, the bit broke, and the beast no sooner felt his liberty than he rushed forward at his best speed. I endeavored at first to blind him with my hands, and then to check him by pinching his ears; but all this only exasperated the animal. As a last resort, I loosened my feet from the stirrups, and prepared to leap to the ground. But just on the eve of this perilous adventure, it occurred to me that the force of the fall on the frozen earth would be fatal, and I concluded to

keep my saddle, and commit the issue to Providence. The horse was now approaching the town, and I judged that by some sudden start or contact I and my horse were both likely to be killed. Suddenly it occurred to me, '*pray!*—pray to God to stop the horse.' For a moment I hesitated to look for so special a mercy; but the impression returned, '*pray,*' with still more force, and with a mind as calm as though I had been kneeling in the closet, I lifted up my heart in supplication, and asked God to interpose. Scarcely had I breathed my petition till the horse stopped as suddenly as he could have done with safety to the rider, and stood as quiet as a lamb. I dismounted, fashioned the throat-latch into a bit, adjusted the bridle, turned back, collected my umbrella, hat, port-manteau, &c., which were scattered along in my wake, and proceeded on my journey in peace."

Was it unreasonable in my friend to ascribe his preservation to God's providence, and render praise to his almighty Preserver?

Another incident illustrative of the special care of Providence was related to us in the following circumstances. Seated in a coach with myself and family, in 1840, was Mrs. K., an accomplished and devout lady in the decline of life, who had long ago learned to trust in God. We were returning from an excursion in the country. Either the coachman was careless, or the horses were difficult to manage. As we passed down a hill, in a narrow passage, the left wheels ran upon a bank, and for half a minute the coach was so near upsetting, that it seemed to be *exactly balanced* on its right wheels. It finally settled to its proper position. With gratitude for our escape, we began to talk about former perils.

"In early life," said Mrs. K., "I was afraid to ride in a carriage. But we had a gentle horse, which I dared to drive by myself, though I was afraid of all other horses. Going abroad one day, I came to the top of a hill, long and steep, with a high bank on one side, and a ravine on the other. Half way down the hill was a loaded cart, moving after the tread of two lazy oxen. Just as I was commencing the descent, my horse started, and rushed down the hill. The first thought was, 'I am lost!' But instantly my mind settled down into sweet composure, and looking to God with confidence, my heart exclaimed, '*I'm safe!*' I dropped the lines, and grasping each side of the carriage, which was now going at a rapid rate, I looked at the cart before me as unconcerned as though I had beheld it from my window, though I perceived no way of escape. The horse took in between the bank and this lazy vehicle. One front wheel of the carriage struck the cart, and the other was buried in the bank. The horse at the same instant broke loose from the carriage, and ran on, while I was left sitting in composure in my upright carriage—one wheel buried in the dirt, and the other locked in the cart, now standing still. From that hour," said Mrs. K., "I have never been afraid to ride in a carriage, nor am I easily alarmed at any eccentric or threatening motions of horse or vehicle."

THE CHOICE OF HERCULES.*

MR. HAMLINE,—If you think the following translation from the Greek worthy of the Repository, it is at your disposal. I have never seen a translation, though I am aware there are several; and it is probable that but few of your readers have ever read it. As I think it is a beautiful specimen of the riches of ancient literature, and involves much truth, I have, with unwonted hardihood, concluded to offer you a version for publication.

Respectfully,
WILLIAM GEORGE WILLIAMS.
Woodward College, Cincinnati, January, 1843.

HERCULES, when he had grown up to the period of reflection, one day sat in profound thought concerning the future course of his life. He was then at the age when young men choose for themselves, whether they will walk in the ways of virtue or travel the road of vice; and upon his present decision hung the character of his destiny, and the issue of his career.

While in this state of doubt and uncertainty, his attention was attracted by the approach of two stately matrons. One was beautiful in form, and altogether prepossessing in appearance. Her robes were white, and grace and dignity characterized her movements. Her person seemed adorned by nature with innocence, her eyes beamed with modesty, and her deportment was discreet. The other had evidently been nourished in indolence and effeminacy, and her countenance plainly showed that pains had been taken to imitate the bloom of health, where really dwelt the sickly hues of death; and so improved by art was her appearance that her stature seemed far nobler than it really was. Her attire was of meretricious style, and she was arrayed in gaudy ornaments. Her eyes wandered in perpetual restlessness—one moment she surveyed herself, and anon she glanced around with conscious pride, challenging the admiration of others.

As they drew near to Hercules the first was about to address him, but the other, desirous of preventing her, ran before and thus spoke: "I am aware, O Hercules, that you are hesitating as to what manner of life you shall hereafter lead. If you will make me your friend and confidant, I will guide you in the way most pleasant and easiest to be traveled. You shall leave no pleasure untried, no delight unenjoyed, and your life shall wear away in ignorance of distress and pain. And in order to secure your happiness you need not set your affections upon wars and toils, but you shall spend your life in one continuous round of enjoyment, and in seeking new sources of gratification to your appetites. The pleasures of the table shall be yours. Music shall yield you its delights—odoriferous gales shall waft you their treasures—you shall excel in the sportive games of the arena, and when wearied balmy sleep shall come at your command. But if there be any dread of needing those things I now promise, fear not that I shall lead you in the way to obtain them, by the energies of your mind and body; for you, without toil, shall possess all these things for which others so

grievously labor. And these things will I do; for I have all power to benefit my followers."

But Hercules, when he heard these things, said, "O, lady, what is thy name?" And she answered, "To my friends I am known as PLEASURE, but those who hate me call me VICE."

Upon this, the other matron coming up, said, "I also come to you, O Hercules—I who knew your illustrious ancestors, and have known your character from infancy. And from these things, I hope, if you will order your life by my precepts, that by continual intercourse with me, you will become capable of worthy and noble deeds, and that I will seem more estimable and excellent in great actions. But though I will not deceive you with promises of sensuality, I will give you a true account of the way in which the gods have ordained all earthly things.

"The immortal gods give nothing useful or agreeable to men without labor and care; and, consequently, if you wish the gods to be propitious to you, you must cultivate towards them a spirit of entire devotion. If you wish to be loved and cherished by your friends, you must render to them corresponding kindnesses. If you wish to be honored in your native city first give it *cause* to honor you. If you wish to be revered throughout all Greece for your virtues, make those virtues subservient to her interests. If you intend the all-bounteous earth to fill your granaries with her teeming harvests, spare not your toil in the seed time. Do you wish your flocks to multiply? Protect them from the storms by day and ravages by night. Do you desire to grow powerful by war, to benefit your friends, and humble your enemies? It becomes you to learn the arts of war from those skillful to teach. Do you wish to excel in strength of body? Bring it to obey the dictates of your judgment, and accustom it to endure, unscathed, the labors and difficulties of life."

But Vice here interrupting her, said, "Do you not perceive, O Hercules, that this woman would lead you by a most hazardous and tedious way to the desired end? Follow me and I will conduct you to happiness by a path easy and short."

To which VIRTUE answered, "O, unhappy! What recommendation do you bring, or what good can you propose to your votaries? For you do not wait the craving of your appetites for grateful food, since, before even the slightest natural desire, you satiate your immature longings. You eat before you are hungry, and before you are thirsty you drink. And in order that you may eat more pleasantly, you invent sauces to your food, and that your drink may be sweeter, you search for rare and expensive wines, and seek for ice wherewith to cool them in midsummer's heat. And to the end that you may sleep more sweetly, you prepare not only soft couches, but even downy sofas, and gently swinging hammocks. And you sleep, not to rest from labor, but because you have nothing else to employ your time. And in this manner you instruct your followers, rendering them effeminate by night and intemperate by day.

* Xenophon's Memorabilia, Book ii, chap. 1.

"Though yourself an immortal, you are ignominiously thrust from the company of the gods, and your presence is shunned by all good men. Though powerful to do right, you have prostituted that power to the vilest of purposes. You can boast no good work. Fame re-echoes only your disgrace. Men mourn over your ravages, and in vain inquire for some redeeming trait. Your young men are infirm in body, and your aged followers are weak in mind. Nourished in luxury in youth, they spend their declining years in squalid misery—idle among the active—among the useful useless. And by their dissipation in the flower of their age they win to themselves a fearful retribution in after life.

"But *I* mingle with the gods, and associate with upright men; and there is no good work, either divine or human, without my aid. My praise is in the assemblies above, and with the righteous on earth. I am a loved co-worker with them that work, a faithful guard to the rich, and a benevolent assistant to the poor. I aid those who labor, in peace, and in war I am an omnipotent ally. I am the firm bond of union in friendship, and in me do the friendless put their trust.

"To my friends there is a natural and unmingled satisfaction in eating and drinking, for they wait until their appetite demands refreshment. And sleep is sweeter to them than to the indolent; nor do they refuse to leave it when duty calls.

"The young men rejoice in the approbation of the old, and they in turn exult in the honors of the young. The memory of former days is sweet to them, and nerves their arm to new exertion.

"My friends are the friends of the gods. They are beloved by their associates, and honored by their country. And when they come to the end appointed by fate, they sleep not in oblivion, but are had in eternal remembrance, and their names flourish as the stars for ever.

"These things, O Hercules, son of illustrious parents, if you are virtuous, shall be given to you on earth, and in heaven the blessed fruition of eternity."

NOTE BY THE TRANSLATOR.—The narrative of the choice of Hercules, as given above, was taken by Xenophon from the works of Prodicus, a rhetorician of Cos, who flourished about 400 years before Christ. None of his writings are now extant, except the few extracts preserved by others. Xenophon did not quote the *decision* of Hercules; yet we may gather, from his after history, that the efforts of *Virtue* were successful in exciting him to a life of thrilling and glorious exertion.

MURMUR at nothing; if our ills are reparable, it is ungrateful; if remediless, it is vain. But a Christian builds his fortitude on a better foundation than Stoicism; he is pleased with every thing that happens, because he knows it could not happen unless it had first pleased God, and that which pleases him must be the best. He is assured that no new thing can befall him, and that he is in the hands of a father who will prove him with no affliction that resignation cannot conquer, or that death cannot cure.

Original.

CHRIST THE WAY.

"I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh to the Father, but by me," John xiv, 6.

How oft my soul goes back unto the hours
When I sat smiling in the world's fair bowers,
And turn'd each rosy garland o'er and o'er,
To search for fairy Pleasure's gilded store;
And as I turned them o'er and o'er again,
I found upon each leaf a spreading stain,
And something in my own heart seem'd to say,
'Twas not the way!

And then I mingled in the festive crowd,
Where mirth, with trumpet-tongue, laugh'd long and loud—

Where round the chalice turn'd the festive wreath,
And the bright wine was stirr'd by Pleasure's breath—
Where beauty reign'd supreme, and youthful lips
Were wreath'd with smiles to hide the soul's eclipse;
Still something in my heart's core seem'd to say,
'Twas not the way!

And then I strove to climb the fabled mount
Where wells up Heliconia's sparkling fount;
And many there, still in life's dewy morn,
Sat by the way-side, sad and weary-worn,
And vainly weeping, with life's bitterest tears,
O'er broken hopes and many misspent years;
And in my heart a deep voice seem'd to say,
'Twas not the way!

Thus all had fail'd, save love—frail human love—
Type of the sweet reality above!
Awhile I deem'd that love was pure and true,
But, ah! the serpent's trail had been there too!
And sadly sweet the same voice seem'd to say,
'Twas not the way!

With tearful eyes I turn'd to Calvary's height,
And saw, with chasten'd heart, the mournful sight—
The High and Mighty bound with death's dark chain,
That man's repentance might not be in vain!
With lowly heart I bow'd me at the cross,
And humbly own'd that all else was but dross.
With gentle voice I heard my Savior say,
"I am the way!"

S. J. HOWE.

I AM WEARY.

I AM weary of loving what passes away—
The sweetest, the dearest, alas, may not stay!
I long for that land where those partings are o'er,
And death and the tomb can divide hearts no more.

I am weary, my Savior, of grieving thy love;
O when shall I rest in thy presence above;
I am weary—but O never let me repine,
While thy word, and thy love, and thy promise, are mine.

Original.
NOVEL READING.

BY JOHN E. EDWARDS.

THE press is a powerful engine, either for good or for evil. It furnishes a medium for spreading before the world the sentiments and precepts of ethical writers, the reasonings and instructions of divines, the lofty thoughts and glowing images of the poet, and also of diffusing amongst all classes the ribaldry and errors of infidelity. This unfailing source of truth and error is more and more prolific. The world is full of books. We have multiplied abridgments of standard works, compendiums of history and science, essays on moral and religious subjects, sketches of travels, voyages, and tours, attempts at poetry, &c. But this age is most prolific in works of fiction. Scarcely a newspaper falls under the eye that does not announce the forthcoming of a new novel, as "a tale in two volumes, by a young man of distinguished abilities;" or "an elegantly written romance, by a gifted young lady;" and in a few months it makes its appearance, "gotten up" in a passable style, bound in leather, boards, or cambric.

To make such productions *take*—using a common phrase—they are always called by an inoffensive and *ad captandum* name—such for example as "Moral Tales;" "No Fiction;" "A Tale of Truth;" "Religious Novels;" or some other equally absurd and deceptive title. These books are written by almost every body in the present day, except persons of solid talent and moral worth, who can employ their time and gifts more profitably. Strange as it may appear, these works are devoured by thousands, nay, millions of men, women, and children. The fact that it is a *new novel*, with a pretty name, by a puffed author, gains for it a favorable reception with persons who are often the least capable of appreciating its merits, or guarding against its pernicious errors.

The evils of *indiscriminate* novel reading have been much dwelt upon. They have formed a theme for the orator in the pulpit, and for the professor in the lecture room. But as the usage still continues, it cannot be amiss to press the subject upon the public attention. The theme, I am aware, is an unpopular one. There are a great many advocates for novel reading in almost every department of society. It is often defended by professing Christians—by those who profess to be governed by the precept, "whatsoever ye do, in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him." By such it is called an innocent mental recreation, a relaxation from severe thought, and an admirable means of forming an acquaintance with human nature and the world.

Now I do not pretend to say that *no* novel can be read without injury—on the contrary, I believe that a few may *possibly* be read with benefit. But unless the young can procure the advice of a judicious monitor in the selection of a few which are worthy of perusal, they hazard too much in perusing *all* that come to

hand in order to select those that may be read with safety. It is the object of this article to point out the evils of *indiscriminate* and *promiscuous* novel reading—that kind of reading which is most general in the present day. And,

1. *It is detrimental to taste.* This may be regarded as a general objection, under which several minor ones may be ranged.

In the acquisition of knowledge one half depends on the discreet selection of books. Application is the other half. A long life may be spent in *reading*, and still our acquisitions may be meagre. This results from an injudicious selection of books, and the desultoriness with which they are read. We are governed in the former by taste. Hence the importance of forming a good taste. The effect of novel reading is rather to destroy a good taste, or to form a vicious one, and create a morbid appetite for works written in an ornate style, abounding in sickly sentiment, and fitted to entertain a diseased imagination, and to cherish injurious passions. Our mental constitution is originally and naturally diseased. It loves undue excitement. Perhaps there are some to whom this does not apply; but it is true of a large majority. Thus we account for the avidity with which we seize upon a superficial work, written in a popular style, in preference to one that is solid and plain, to which we apply the epithets, "dry and uninteresting," and with all its deep research doom to neglect and oblivion.

In a well written fiction there is interwoven so much that is beautiful and fascinating, that young persons often feel themselves bound to the page as by enchantment. The descriptions of natural scenery—of lake, lawn, and forest—of villa, castle, and city, are so high wrought that they cannot fail to please. And then rare adventures by land and sea, hair-breadth escapes, sudden reverses of fortune, heart-rending separations, and miraculous meetings, in connection with high wrought portraiture of peerless beauty, and extravagant delineations of character, all have a tendency to gratify by excitement. From such scenes, tragic or comic, the reader turns reluctantly to moral, scientific, and historical works. And although he may be convinced that works of fiction will not increase his store of useful knowledge, or furnish material for profitable reflection, or make the decline of life rich in thought, still, under a most unaccountable infatuation, Rollin is laid aside for Scott; Plutarch and Hume* are displaced by Bulwer; Blair, Addison, Howe, and Watson are covered with dust, while the works of James, Cooper, and "Boz," are worn to shreds by constant use.

The taste for light reading increases with indulgence, until all relish for useful books is destroyed. Then the most profound works are regarded as too dry for perusal. The Bible itself becomes barren of interest, and the best ethical and religious treatises are passed over with a glance at the title-page. While the individual is young, and every object around him

* His History of England.

is flashing in the sunlight of hope, this light reading may satisfy him. But as time steals on, and life assumes a more sober aspect, he will probably lose his relish for these unsubstantials, and in hoary age he will be furnished with no treasures of imperishable knowledge upon which to draw for pleasing reflection. How cheerless and barren must be the "sear and yellow leaf" of one who has thus squandered the golden moments of early years without "laying up a good foundation against the time to come!"

It might easily be shown, in connection with these observations, that novel reading goes far, not only to destroy the taste for useful studies, but also to *destroy* the power of severe mental application. The mind becomes ungovernable, and it is found extremely difficult, if not impossible, to confine it to close thought, in the investigation of a subject. It shrinks from mental labor, and will not submit to the restraints which are imposed upon it in laborious and patient study.

2. *Novel reading disqualifies for the arduous duties and stern realities of life.*

In works of fiction, life is presented to the mind in such an exaggerated and distorted light, that the inexperienced reader is cheated into the belief that the world is a region of delights unmingled with repulsive cares and sorrows, and that men and women are angels or demons. They are mostly represented as ethereal beings inhabiting fairy climes of flowers and sunshine. But after all, we are human beings, subject to all the ills and infirmities that "flesh is heir to," and the world in which we live is one of vicissitude and misery. The fancy and the pen of the novelist have flung a charm about the cottage, and a rapture into the humbler walks of life, which never was realized by the poor man, toiling for the support of his family.

The credulous girl, as she reads the glowing description of humble life, imagines that nothing is requisite to consummate her earthly bliss but to be wedded to some *ideal* being, and domesticated in a vine-clad cottage, embosomed among wide-spreading oaks, and surrounded by romantic scenery, where she can while away her enchanted moments in the enjoyment of delights the most refined and fascinating to unrenowned minds.

Stern reality dissipates the illusion. Instead of the joys so fondly anticipated, she finds her husband a mere man, full of imperfections and infirmities, and she now learns that it is impossible to live on poetry and flowers. Contrary to her expectations her children are not angels, neither are they fed with manna from the skies. Her family is subject to afflictions, and must be supported by toil. The exaggerated representations of the novelist are forgotten. Her heart sinks within her, under its weight of disappointment. How much happier would have been the domestic circle had the girl been taught in the nursery to look upon life as no fairy dream; but rather to regard it as a scene of conflict, with adverse powers, which nothing but personal virtues and judicious associations can rob of its sternness, and now and then rear a flower in its barren pathway.

I know that I shall be met with objections. The advocates of novel reading will reply, "No one can be so unwise as to suppose for a moment that all which he or she reads in a work of fiction can ever be realized in life." We answer, if this objection be well founded, then novel readers are deprived of one of the principal arguments always urged in defense of the practice, namely, that from novels they gain an accurate knowledge of the world and of human nature. Is it not a fact that although the young know the book to be fiction, they, nevertheless, insensibly fall into the belief that such things as are described *may* occur in their own lives? Do they not believe that some one's fortunes in the wide world will answer to the hero and heroine of the tale? And under this delusion, has not many a romantic young lady "fallen in love?" and, guided by the developments of a favorite novel, under the fondly cherished hope that she would one day find her affection reciprocated, has she not refused the proffered hands of those who were every way qualified to make her happy in domestic life, and finally united her destiny with that of a wretch who lived only to curse her with the bane of his presence? More unhappy marriages are caused by the general and indiscriminate reading of novels than by any other *one* cause.

When young persons are favored with a good education, and are taught to form their opinions of life from careful observation, they will rarely enter into unfortunate matrimonial connections, or be disappointed in their expectations with regard to connubial bliss. Their estimate of life depends upon the only basis that can be relied on with safety, and hence no improper expectations are indulged, and, as a consequence, no disappointment follows. Such persons are not to be deluded by the glare of beauty, style, or fashion. Their hearts are not to be bought or sold with a few graceful bows and sunny smiles. They are not deceived by flippant speeches and tinsel accomplishments. They penetrate beneath the surface, and detect the nakedness of the heart under the mock blandness of affected smiles. Guided by an enlightened discretion, they select a companion in life from that class of persons whose knowledge of the world is derived from passing events, and who have studied human nature in their own hearts, and not in novels and romances.

It is the firm belief of the writer that where a young lady discovers in a gentleman a passionate fondness for novel reading, it should provoke in her mind an invincible objection to a matrimonial union with him. He has probably formed his opinion of the lady of his choice from the overdrawn sketches of female character in some novel. He will expect too much from her. His standard of female excellence is poetical; and although she may be one of the best of her sex, she can never meet his unwarranted expectations. She must be more than an angel or he will be disappointed. The same remark may apply to the young man. Should he select a partner in life from among those whose chief delight is found in the perusal of such

works, and who form their opinions of the gentleman's character from these sources, he must be a Wallace or an Ivanhoe, or the lady to whom he is united will not realize her expectations.

3. Another evil resulting from the practice which we reprobate is, *that it has a tendency to weaken the barriers of virtue, and to blunt the refined sensibilities of our nature.*

That many novels are of a demoralizing tendency will not be disputed. Thousands of volumes are of this character; and the extent to which they have blunted moral feeling, and broken down the guards of virtue, will never be known until revealed in the light of eternity. "But it is not to be presumed," says the objector, "that works of this character will be extensively read." This is a mistake. Nothing is necessary but to attach to a book the *suspicion* of its immoral tendency, and an insatiable public curiosity draws every body to read it, not openly, perhaps, but it will be read. The criticisms which have been made upon the morality of certain books, have secured for them a far more extensive reading than they would otherwise have received. This is proved by the demand on the press. One edition succeeds another of books which, but for their vile moral tendency would have sunk quietly into oblivion.

Works of this sort have undermined some of the fairest edifices of virtue. The wrecks of human promise are scattered around us in alarming profusion. We inquire for the cause, and we find in hundreds of instances that the work of ruin, in its incipency, may be traced to the *secret influence* of some book of easy morals. Many of both sexes, now profligate and lost for ever, have been hurled from seats of respectability into the depths of ruin by their influence. Vice is decorated in so attractive a garb, that its deformity is concealed. The inexperienced sip the cordial without suspecting that deadly poison is mixed in the cup. The passions are excited, reason is dethroned, and under the impulse of feeling, thousands are hurried on to the perpetration of deeds which a whole life of penitence and the most rigid morality can never wipe from the character. And where the restraints of education, and surrounding circumstances happen to guard the individual from overt and disgraceful indulgence, are we not compelled to admit, however reluctantly, that the mind becomes dangerously familiar with scenes of the grossest licentiousness? Hearts that ought to remain as pure and uncontaminated as the Alpine snows, are stained with impurity of thought and unholy imaginations. Would the lady, who sometimes reads tales of a doubtful character, permit a stranger to converse with her upon the same subject? Would she not, indeed, arise from the perusal of such works with a crimsoned cheek, were she aware that she is even suspected of having read them with pleasure?

The effects to which I allude are produced gradually and insensibly. But the work of ruin goes on notwithstanding. One restraint of virtue after another is weakened—one barrier after another yields. Pas-

sion continues to gain the ascendancy, while the antagonist influence is declining, until finally the power of resistance to temptation becomes inefficient, and the unresisting heart is subdued, and the victim yields. Could we persuade young persons that such is the consequence of reading works of fiction, the practice would be at least more limited. It would be abandoned by some who never make the discovery until it is too late.

Had I space, it would not be difficult to show that the tendency of the practice is to blunt all our nobler sensibilities. In reading a fictitious representation of sufferings, the better feelings of our nature are often excited. "O," the reader thinks, "were I to meet with one so destitute—so poor—so friendless, how willingly would I contribute something to alleviate his wants—how gladly would I take such an one under my roof, and supply her necessities!" But no appropriate object is just at hand at the moment. The feeling subsides, and as nothing has been done to gratify the promptings of benevolence, it is succeeded by a state of indifference that cannot be moved by the actual sufferings of the necessitous, who pine in poverty around us. Tears are often shed over imaginary sufferings, while the mendicant in rags is driven from the door without bread, and the poor and afflicted in the neighborhood are never visited, nor their wants supplied. Many will weep over the misfortunes of Nydia, the poor blind girl, or the sufferings of a Sidney Beaufort who never let fall a tear over the narrative of a suffering Jesus. Those who know that such an effect has been produced by novel reading upon their own hearts, should be alarmed.

In conclusion, I would suggest to those who are particularly fond of works written in a highly ornamented style, and full of soul-stirring incident, that such can be found in the greatest abundance without resorting to works of fiction. Books of travel, poetry, and biography are of this cast. Read, for example, La Martine's *Pilgrimage to the Holy Land*, Fisk's, Stevens', Chateaubriand's, and Robinson's *Travels*, and also Mrs. Hemans', Mrs. Sigourney's, Campbell's, and Pollok's poems, and the lives of distinguished men and women in the literary and religious world. These are merely mentioned as a specimen of the works that might supply the place of novels and plays. They produce an equally pleasurable excitement of mind, and at the same time furnish information that will always be profitable. In addition to all this, when we call to mind the solemn truth that to God we are to render an account for the improvement of our time and talents, should we not pause before we yield our consent to squander the moments of our fleeting probation in an employment, the tendency of which is to disqualify us for the duties of this life, and render us unfit for the presence of God in eternity.

—•••••
VICE stings us, even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us, even in our pains

THE MOTHER'S REWARD.

THE parents of Mr. G. have lived in the town of Victor, or on its borders, ever since his boyhood. When he was a child, his mother habitually brought him to the house of God on the Sabbath, and required his attendance on the Sabbath school, which was held, as in most villages and country churches, during the intervals of divine worship. She was in the habit also of talking to her son on the subject of religion, and praying with him and for him, that God might impart to him his saving grace. Having removed to a remote part of the congregation, it was not so convenient to attend regularly the house of God, and he soon imbibed infidel principles, till at length he became a confirmed Universalist.

Although he was considered a respectable man, yet he was not entirely free from what may be truly considered immoralities. He certainly did not pay a strict regard to the duties of the Sabbath, and when excited, he would use the language of the profane. It is difficult to conceive the feelings of a pious mother's heart on beholding the son of her affections and hopes falling into such practices and adopting such sentiments. Upon the first indication of his erroneous views she remonstrated, and used her best endeavors to dissuade him from such a course, but all her efforts seemed unavailing. Years rolled away, and he became himself the head of a family, and his parents resided with him. He was prospered with health and also in the accumulation of property. He at length numbered half the years usually allotted to man, and was in the vigor of manhood. At this period, at his request, I called to see him at his own house. As I was seated in conversation with other members of the family, he entered the room, having been absent when I arrived, and without any introductory remarks he began to narrate to me the dealings of God with his soul. In this and in subsequent interviews he related substantially the following sentiments:

"I was brought up," said he, "to respect religion; but for many years I refused instruction. I have been a confirmed believer in the doctrine of universal salvation. In embracing and adhering to that doctrine I have hated the people of God, and especially the Church to which my mother belonged, for I have looked upon them as bigoted and superstitious. I never could advance my sentiments but my mother would reprove me. I have a religious wife. She was decided in her views, though she belonged to a different denomination from my mother. Presuming that controversy was useless, my wife and I had agreed mutually to differ; but this was a point I could not gain with my mother. When she reproved me for my sins and urged me to abandon my errors, I would say to her, 'I am a Universalist. I desire to live and die in my present belief, and my desire is that you will not disturb me. I do not suppose I can convince you, and I am certain you cannot me; and I wish that the subject may hereafter be dropped.' But she would invariably say, 'No, my son,' as her lips would quiver with

emotion, 'God's vow is upon me; I gave you to him in baptism, and I have promised to do what I can to persuade you to believe as I believe; and you need not calculate upon my leaving you in your errors. As long as I live I shall remonstrate, and pray for you that God may bring you to repentance.' I would often reproach my mother for her bigotry, and then I would think she is not in fault, it is the Church's to which she belongs: she has derived all her sentiments and feelings from them, and they are to blame. With these feelings I would say to her, 'Mother, why can you not join some other Church? If you will leave the sect to which you now belong, I will carry you to any other meeting whenever you choose to go; go any where but there.' For I thought I never should have any peace as long as she remained what she then was; and such was my hatred to the people with whom she worshiped, that for many years I had never been inside of the meeting-house. Although I meant to treat my parents well, yet when occasionally I took them to the village where they worshiped, I would drive my carriage to the church which my wife attended, and although they were lame and infirm, yet I never once drove them to the door of their own sanctuary, but always compelled them to walk from the place where I first stopped and back again, and for no other reason than to show my hatred to their religious views. Whenever I went to meeting myself, it was always my mother's custom to ask 'what the text was, and what were the sentiments of the preacher?' If they were what I believed, she would condemn them; if they were what I disbelieved and according to her views of truth, she would commend them; and often would fall upon her knees and pray for me, while tears of mingled pain, anxiety and hope would flow down the furrows of her time-worn cheeks. Occasionally she and others would present arguments against my sentiments that I could not answer; and for a time I would be somewhat troubled, until I could find something in my way of philosophizing, or in my Bible, or learn some new arguments from my minister that would answer them, and then I would be at peace again. With all my powers of wrestling, the truth of God, the impressions that it made upon me in childhood, I could not entirely forget; and these impressions, I can truly say, were the only stubborn, insurmountable obstacles in the way of my perfect satisfaction with my principles. I had overcome every thing else. Once I went to my minister and told him my perplexities. He replied, 'I, too, was brought up by my parents of the same denomination, and occasionally have had just such feelings, but they are not worth minding; they are only the fruits of our infant education.' With such evasions I would become for a time composed. A year ago, one of my mother's people invited me to attend a meeting held in his neighborhood by another denomination, intimating that there was considerable religious excitement. I thought this somewhat strange, presuming that different denominations had but little if any Christian charity towards each other. But I

went that evening, and when I returned, my mother was ready with her usual questions, 'What was the text, and what was the preacher's subject?' I replied that there was not much sense in what the preacher said, still I had no particular objections to the sentiments advanced. I could not believe in what was afterwards stated relative to peculiar religious feelings and experience. It was, in my opinion, all hypocrisy. 'Well,' said she, 'my son, there is reality in religious feelings; and I want you, if you ever have any, and if I am alive, to promise me that you will confide them to me.' 'O,' said I, 'I'll promise you that, for I never had any yet, and I do not believe any one ever had; and I am sure that I shall never have any.' Upon this I went into the woods, where I was at work all day, and all alone; while reflecting upon my promise to my mother and upon the direct influences of the Spirit of God, I cannot tell why it was, but I was overwhelmed with similar feelings to those which I had so often heard expressed by others and censured as hypocritical. I went that night unsolicited to the meeting. The preacher seemed to understand my former belief, and he took away the whole foundation on which my fabric had rested. From that hour I gave up all my former peculiar sentiments. In a few days I communicated my feelings, according to my promise, to my mother, who was overjoyed at this intelligence. In this condition I remained for a few months; I had no standing upon my former ground, and still I was not confirmed in any new truth; I knew that I was not what I had been, and I thought that my case was different from any one else. One Sabbath, as I was going to church, it so happened that all present proposed to go to the place where my parents attended, and for the first time in my life I drove my own carriage to the door of that sanctuary. After they had all entered the house, I stood alone in front of it pondering in my mind what I should do; I said to myself, 'Shall I go where I formerly did? But I am no longer a Universalist. Shall I go in with my family? but I never have been within those walls, I shall not feel at home; or shall I go to another house still?' But before I had time to answer these questions even to myself, some friend took me by the arm and led me almost unconsciously into the house and among the people whom I had so long hated from my very soul.

"The exercises commenced, and every thing that was said seemed to meet the responses of my heart. As I looked around upon the congregation, all seemed to exhibit in their countenances a cheerful solemnity; and I said to myself, as the tears started in my eye and my heart swelled with emotion, 'These are my friends, not my enemies! They have not merited my hatred! It is I who have been in the wrong, not they!' It seemed as if my heart would break from a conviction that I had been, without any cause, an enemy to them, while they had been friends to me. I began to feel an overflowing love for them, and the thought forced itself upon me, how gladly would I give houses, land, and every thing that I possess, if I could by these

means count myself worthy to be one of the members of the Christian family. Afterward, when the Sabbath came, I found my feet inclined thither; but still I wished to keep all my feelings, and my religion too, if I had any, to myself as much as possible. It was not long after this when a large concourse of people were assembled to attend the funeral of one who had been much esteemed by all classes in the community. He, too, had formerly professed to be a Universalist just one year previous to his death, but had been made in a very striking manner a subject of Divine grace. His short Christian course had been marked by an open profession of religion, and by great faithfulness in commending religion to the hearty embrace of all his friends. And as the preacher was describing his wonderful change, and the shining evidence of piety which he had left behind, and his triumphant death, I said to myself, should I be called to die, I could not leave this evidence behind, I could not be counted an open, hearty and useful follower of the Savior, who, when on earth, declared, 'Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and my words, in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed when he cometh in the glory of his Father and the holy angels.' I then resolved by the grace of God to be a Christian openly, and not to be ashamed of Christ in the presence of men. I felt it to be my duty to connect myself with the people of God. I know not that I have any feeling but that of love toward any Christian Church. But it has been my mother's faithfulness almost wholly that has plucked me as a brand from the burning, and now her people shall be my people, and her God my God."

As he closed his narrative, under the influence of deep emotion himself, the faces of all around, mother, wife, friends, were all bathed in tears of joy. We wept and prayed together. Here for the first time his family altar was erected to the worship of God. When he came before the Church, preparatory to the communion season, to tell what God had done for his soul, he related substantially what I have written, and added, "I have done what I could to injure you. I have persecuted you; and now I wish to do what I can to build you up. I ask your forgiveness for the injuries I have done you, and I hope I have received the forgiveness of God. My mother dedicated me to God in baptism, and by her faithfulness in following me in my wanderings, and in praying with me and for me when counsels were of no avail, I have been brought to experience this change, which I never myself anticipated, and no one else, unless under the influence of that charity which hopeth all things. And as I was given to God in baptism, I desire to offer up my children to him, that they may be his also."

Should this brief sketch fall under the eye of a Christian parent, especially of a Christian mother, let it encourage her to persevere with great diligence in the use of all the means which God has instituted for the salvation of children. How many mothers, with feelings of much tenderness too, would have thought

remonstrance useless in such a case, and abandoned all measures but that of prayer. Parents are too apt to think, because the subject of religion is unpleasant to their children, and sometimes irritating, that therefore it is best to remain silent. But if, in other cases, silence would seem to have been commendable, it would not have answered the dictates of this mother's conscience. And though foiled in argument, as she often was, she could still present the argument of her own experience and utter her remonstrance against his errors. Adored be the grace of God, she has lived to see the fruits of his conversion while joy gushes from an overflowing heart. There now remains but one of this numerous family unconverted—the youngest of her household, and may it not be hoped that he will yet be numbered with the disciples of Christ.—*Mother's Magazine*.

HUMAN INVENTIONS.

It is amazing and delightful to consider, what seemingly difficult things are done by means of human knowledge, scanty and confined as it is. The wonders performed by means of reading and writing are so striking, that some learned men have given it as their opinion, that the whole was communicated to mankind originally by some superior being. That by means of the various compositions of about twenty different articulations of the human voice, performed by the assistance of the lungs, the glottis, the tongue, the lips, and the teeth, ideas of all sensible and intelligible objects in nature, in art, in science, in history, in morals, in supernaturals, should be communicable from one mind to another; and again, that signs should be contrived, by which those articulations of the human voice should be expressed, so as to be communicable from one mind to another by the eye; this seems really beyond the reach of humanity left to itself. To imagine, for example, the first of mankind capable of inventing any set of sounds, which should be fit to communicate to one another the idea of what is meant by the words *virtue* or *rectitude*, or any other idea wholly unconnected with any kind of sound whatever, and afterwards of inventing a set of signs, which should give the mind by the eye, an idea of what is properly an object of the sense of hearing, (as a word when expressed with the voice, represents an idea, which is the mere object of the understanding;) to imagine mankind, in the first ages of the world, without any hint from superior beings, capable of this, seems doing too great honor to our nature. Be that as it will; that one man should, by uttering a set of sounds no way connected with, or naturally representative of one set of ideas more than another; that one man should, by such seemingly unfit means, enlighten the understanding, rouse the passions, delight or terrify the imagination of another; and that he should not only be able to do this when present, *viva voce*; but that he should produce the same effect by a set of figures which are themselves the representatives of ideas, is truly admirable.

Original

THE TRIUMPHS OF RELIGION.

BY W. P. STRICKLAND.

"When coldness wraps this suffering clay,
Ah, whither strays th' immortal mind?
It cannot die, it cannot stay,
Yet leaves this dark'ning dust behind."

WHAT human reason, in its profoundest researches, cannot discover, the everlasting Gospel reveals to the eye of faith. "For," says an inspired apostle, "if we believe Jesus died, and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." "Nature may teach us that the bright forms of human beauty which are presented to our view, and then pass from the field of our vision like the transit of bright and beauteous stars, which lose their radiance in the sun, are lost to earth but not to existence." But to them is assigned another destiny, the nature of which religion only unfolds. She assures us that, "Happy are the dead who die in the Lord," and that the loved ones who here pass before us like shadows, and faded from our sight as the misty wreath, will shine like stars in the kingdom of God for ever and ever.

Philosophy teaches us that matter itself is everlasting; and though passing through endless modifications of being, the smallest atom has never yet been destroyed. If material entities are thus unapproachable by annihilation, how much more imperishable must be the immaterial mind! Revelation informs us that the soul shall live when death himself is dead. "O, death, I will be thy plague! O, grave, I will be thy destruction." The beloved disciple saw in vision a place where there is "no more death, for the former things have passed away." This, "the last enemy" of the believer, "shall be *destroyed*." The soul, ever living and conscious, shall enter upon its future state with all its powers in full and vigorous exercise, powerful to reason, and as mighty to endure suffering for a life of sin, as it is to enjoy happiness for a life of holiness.

Religion gathers her subjects from the aged and the youthful, the illiterate and the learned, the timid and the courageous, and adapting herself to their various mental states, and moral and physical temperaments, exerts her assimilating power in molding the mind into the image of God, "creating it anew in righteousness and true holiness," redeeming by its power, supporting by its promises, and encouraging and bearing the believer over all the rough passages of human life to the peaceful shores of a happy eternity.

Thus did she triumph in the life and death of Mrs. ELIZABETH JEWITT, consort of Leonidas Jewitt, Esq., of Athens, Ohio. Elizabeth was a devoted child. In a land of strangers, at the baptismal font, her pious mother dedicated her to God, and implored upon her the blessings of the covenant of promise. Her naturally amiable disposition was early sweetened by grace, and she was enabled in youth to renounce

that which separated her from the Savior, and engage in the fulfillment of her baptismal vows. Before she was twelve years old, with none to witness but God, she entered into a written engagement to make religion her chief concern, and was soon led to make a profession of this religion before the world. Her motto was, "I will look to the end, and consider well, not the immediate results, but the final consequences of action, reaching far beyond time, into eternity." This principle of action ever controlled her conduct. Kind and affectionate, she was ever disposed to make the best of every event in life; so that in the midst of trouble and bitter misfortune, under the parental roof, where the piercing winds of adversity blew chill and drear, she was the joy and solace of a mother's heart. Her prayer was, "When my heart is overwhelmed, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I." To her mother she said, "No, mother, we will never despair. The storm lowers, but the rainbow is in the cloud." In a letter to her sister, Mrs. M'Cabe, of Athens, at this time, she said, "I love my dear mother, and it shall ever be the first care of her whom she has nourished and smiled upon in infancy to lighten her load, bear her burdens, and, if possible, throw a halo of brightness around her declining days." She wandered not with the giddy and the gay along the banks of the stream of death, to cull the flowers of sinful pleasure. Nobler, holier aims her spirit filled. She preferred "the thorny path of virtue" to the flowery paths of sin. She consecrated a well cultivated mind to the service of the Savior, and, next to communion with him at the altar of prayer, and through his written word, her chief enjoyment consisted in holding converse with the illustrious dead, through the medium of their works.

In her eighteenth year she visited Athens to minister to the wants of her afflicted sister, where, by her kindness and attention to the family, she won the esteem and affection of all its inmates, and gave evidence, by her consistent life, that she was deeply engaged in making provision, in health, for the gloom and conflicts of a dying hour. To a friend, to whom she endeavored to minister consolation, she says in a note, "Banish these gloomy fears—these dark forebodings. There are brighter scenes in reservation for thee; yea, the changeless joys of heaven not very far distant. There bliss knows no alloys." To another she says, "The rain is pattering against the windows. I fear you will not be able to attend church to-morrow. 'Tis Saturday night. How swiftly time is passing! Truly, man is but a shadow—life a dream. May you and I, my dear friend, so live as to be prepared for that eternal Sabbath where frowning tempests and cloudy skies will never come! O, let us march on with firm, unwavering step!" In another communication, and in the same spirit of devout and ardent piety, she says, "Yesterday, as I sat with Bible in hand, the words of consolation came to me like rain to the parched earth, and were like rays of sunshine to an imprisoned spirit. Never did the world appear so unsatisfying, and my soul more ardently pant after enduring pleasures, found only in the

living God. I felt, indeed, that ere long heaven would be my happy home."

At the age of twenty she was united in marriage to him who now deeply mourns her loss. In view of the responsibilities which such a step involves, she says, "I feel awfully solemn. This new relation in life will demand of me a holier example. I must be more careful to watch and pray, and to pray for those who are yet wavering."

Her heart was expansive with benevolence. "In others' woes a tender part she bore." Her language, on one occasion, was, "We little know how to feel for those who are pining in adversity—smitten by poverty—dependent upon the cold charity of the world. Poor widows and little fatherless children! How my heart ached to-day, as I gazed on scenes of distress. Godliness with contentment is great gain."

Not only did she feel for the temporal destitution of those around her, and endeavor to mitigate their sufferings, but she did all in her power to diffuse the blessings of religion among those who were perishing for lack of knowledge. During the three years of her married life, she sought and found, within the circle of home, that happiness with which a "stranger intermeddled not." As a child, sister, friend, wife, and Christian, she was faithful and affectionate.

The last words she ever wrote, contained in a note addressed to Miss Louisa D., are expressive of her feelings, as also of her attachment to those religious exercises in which she took the greatest delight. This note, like the last breathings of a harp, which the rude hand of the despoiler would soon crush, shows the impress of a mind, calm and untroubled as a summer's evening.* The following is an extract:

"Beloved Louisa,—'Tis the Sabbath day. What a calm, beautiful morning! Its serenity and short-lived beauty bring to mind the words of the poet—

'Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
Bridal of earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou, alas! must die.'

I hope to see you at *class*. I went last Sabbath, and there was none. I love to go to class. It is to me a resting place in the wearisome journey of life—an oasis in the desert, where my fainting spirit may quaff the waters of life. I think I never attended this means of grace without feeling better prepared to discharge the duties incumbent upon me. I trust you are sailing smoothly along the current of time to the ocean of a happy eternity."

On Tuesday, the 28th of November, 1842, she became the mother of an infant son, and from that hour she began to complain of her head. She would say with faintness, "Such a throbbing in my head." On the ninth day from her confinement she seemed to grow considerably worse. At that time her disease fully developed itself, spread its withering blight over

* One has said the harp of the human spirit never breathes such sweet music as when its frame is most shattered, and its strings most torn.

body and mind, and after raging nine days, death terminated her sufferings.

It is here we wish to record the "triumphs of religion." Up to the period of her attack, she expressed, and manifested a perfect resignation to the will of her heavenly Father; and though her reason was disturbed in consequence of deranged organs, and her lucid intervals were few and partial, yet religion exerted a power over the troubled elements of mind, and proclaimed its triumphant power. Well did the blessed Jesus say of Mary, who, at his feet, drank in the "waters of life," "She hath chosen *what never can be taken from her*." So was *he* "persuaded," who, in the "third heavens," learned what tongue could not utter, that "neither heights, nor depths, (of mental or bodily anguish,) nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, can separate from the love of Jesus"—sweeter than life—stronger than death. Disease may rage—physical derangement may unhinge the mind; but that holiness which is the health and habit of the believing soul, shines amid the darkness, (as the "diamond lights up the secret mine,") and triumphs over the wreck of matter and the disorder of the mental flowers. Or, to change the figure, the soul, strengthened by religious exercises, like an unfettered eagle, soars above the sordid earth when all beneath is wreck, and bathes its undazzled eye of faith in the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, as it pillows its breast upon the storm.

Thus did religion, in her case, triumph over the ravages of disease. Her soul uttered its holy desires in prayer to God while she exhorted those around her to attend to the concerns of *their* souls; and with a voice sweet and clear, and as strong as in the days of health and reason, did she unite with those around her in singing,

"Come sound his praise abroad."

With an absorbing interest she listened to the reading of the Bible; and when that beautiful Psalm, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," was read, she appropriated its soul-supporting promises to herself. At different times she was heard to say, "I have been dreaming of such a beautiful place. O, 'tis most beautiful! My eyes never before saw such a place. 'Tis heaven—sweet heaven! I shall soon be there." The night before she died, in trying to sit up, she fainted entirely away. Her friends thought her spirit had fled; but she recovered and became somewhat rational, and remarked, "The lamp is almost out, the oil is almost gone." The next morning she fell into a profound slumber, and continued in this repose all day, awaking only a few times to take a little nourishment. During one of her waking moments, she said, "A few hours more and I shall be in glory. Glory to God! Amen and amen." These were the last words she uttered. Her attending physician regarded her repose as a favorable indication, and her friends felt much encouraged. As the disciples said of their friend Lazarus, when Jesus told them he was asleep, "If he sleep he shall do well, not knowing that he spake of his death," so the friends of Mrs. Jewitt thought in regard to her sleep; but she had gone into that sleep into which

those sweetly fall who "sleep in Jesus." Thus, on the 9th of December, half past ten o'clock, without a groan, her ransomed spirit soared away to that "*beautiful place*" which came to her in vision.

Original.

SEASONABLE REPROOF.

BY THE LATE MRS. M. FORSHEY.

A YOUNG lady turned from her toilet, and saw her gaily attired sisters in haste to be on their way to the intended party. "Ma," said she, impatient to hear her mother pronounce some expression of admiration for her symmetrical form, as she had once unguardedly done, "Ma, do we not remind you of that beautiful group of little butterflies we saw at the pond?"

"Why, daughter," replied the mother, "I confess there is some similarity in the varied colors of your dress. The butterfly, my dear, though beautiful in her appearance, is far from being the most intelligent and exalted of her class of insects. Her movements, you perceive, are directed wholly by caprice, as she flits hither and thither, without end or aim. And we must condemn her want of delicacy in taste, as we see her sip with avidity from stagnant ponds, when she is endued with the power to rise and drink the sweets from every spring flower, and soar far above her sister insects. Besides, my child, there are those who entertain but little respect for our sex, that have but too successfully made the disparaging comparison between us and the butterfly; for there is a class, it is true, who are ever hastening to and fro, without the view of benefiting themselves or others, who may be justly compared to these pretty silly creatures. But I flatter myself that my daughters, by a proper use of their time, shall deserve to be classed among a more intelligent and useful order of beings."

These well-timed remarks made a salutary impression upon the ingenuous mind of young Caroline. From that evening she was seldom seen abroad, unless where duty called, or for mere relaxation from her close application to study, and domestic duties. Her mind soon became stored with useful knowledge, and her society was courted as a valuable acquisition to the social circle.

The mother lived when time had stolen the rosy tint from the cheek of her Caroline, and the youthful sparkle of the eye had given place to the milder beam kindled by the illumination of the mind. The rich harvest of virtues repaid the seed sown in due season; for she realized in her daughter all the excellencies which her most sanguine hopes had anticipated.

Thus, by a sensible and good-natured reproof, might many a thoughtless daughter be reclaimed from a prodigal waste of time, and her mind directed to the pursuit of such objects as could not fail to secure her a rank among the most exalted creatures of intellect. "A word spoken in season, how good is it!"

Original.

TO MARY.

MARY, the gift cannot be mine,
 Nor would I dare aspire,
 A star among the famed to shine;
 I only tune my lyre
 For those I love; and, my dear friend,
 'Tis all the fame I ask,
 If they accept the gifts I send;
 For I would rather bask
 In pure affection's bright sunshine,
 Than have the cold world kneel,
 And own my heart the glitt'ring shrine
 Of all the Nine conceal.

Affection, to the feeling heart,
 Is like morn's earliest dews,
 That to the bursting flowers impart,
 The bright prismatic hues
 And fragrant breath, that call to life
 Feelings and thoughts which seem,
 With so much joy and pleasure rife,
 Our souls could almost deem
 Earth paradise, (till mem'ry flings
 The grief of former years
 Back on the heart, waking the springs
 Of sympathy and tears.)

And, O! such feelings are to me,
 Dearer than all the mirth,
 To which the flashing buoyancy
 Of wit could e'er give birth;
 For, Mary, they can thrill alone
 On love's most sacred cords,
 Breathing a music all their own,
 Too deep, too fond for words,
 While Hope and Fancy, in such hours,
 Mutely delight to twine,
 Off'rings of bright and beauteous flowers
 For Prospect's gilded shrine.

I know that such emotions dwell,
 As cherished, in thy breast,
 As pearls within an ocean shell,
 For ever more caressed
 By its sweet tones; and, O! my friend,
 When age steals over thee,
 May they with thine existence blend
 In undimmed brilliancy!
 And wilt thou then, should I be dead,
 Glance sometimes on this leaf,
 Nor check fond memory, but shed
 One tear—of love—not grief? CLEORA.

Original.

TO CLEORA.

CLEORA, why that mournful strain?
 Come, tune thy trembling lyre again,
 To all its boldest strains aspire!
 Quench not, dear girl, the poet's fire—
 The gift is thine!

I, too, have sadness in my lay,
 For my dreams of bliss have pass'd away;
 And my song, once full of hope and pleasure,
 Chimes only now to mournful measure,
 And flowing tears!

I muse o'er faded joys alone,
 And it gives my lyre a plaintive tone;
 For my happiest hours are all gone by,
 And I cannot awake to melody,
 My broken lyre!

Still, thoughts of bliss sometimes intrude
 Upon my heart's deep solitude;
 But, O! I must not, dare not cherish
 Hopes which elude my grasp, and perish,
 Or fade away!

I love to linger o'er thy verse—
 It speaks of sympathy and tears—
 It speaks of Fancy's beauteous flowers,
 And Hope, which points to happier hours
 Beyond the tomb!

Still let me linger; for I feel
 My heart grow warmer as I linger;
 And the chord which vibrates in my breast
 Can only now be hush'd to rest,
 By gentle finger! MARY.

Original.

"WHERE IS GOD?"

Lines suggested by my little boy asking, "Where is God?"

He is in the morning breeze—
 On the vault of yonder sky—
 'Mong the pretty waving trees,
 And where early violets lie.

He is on the floating cloud,
 Tinged with unearthly hues—
 Where the darkness night doth shroud,
 And in stilly falling dews.

He is on yonder painted bow—
 In your mocking bird's sweet song—
 In the dazzling sun's bright glow,
 As he flames and rolls along.

He is on the lightning's flash—
 He is in the thunder's roar—
 Where the rushing waters dash,
 And in fury strike the shore.

He is o'er the blooming earth—
 He is on the rolling sea—
 He's around our happy hearth,
 And he fills immensity.

He will never from thee part,
 Through thy life's bright coming day;
 Wilt thou give this God thy heart?
 Wilt thou ever to him pray? L. C. L.

Original.
E N O C H .

—
A POEM IN FOUR CANTOS.
—

CANTO IV.—THE TRANSLATION.

HAIL! holy Sabbath light! Thy blissful rays
New joys awake, new hopes inspire. Thy beams—
Not kindled at the solar fount alone,
But emanating from the throne above,
Irradiant with a glory unrevealed,
Ineffable, and ever unapproached,
Except by perfect purity, and then
With awe and reverent attitude alone—
Thy beams illumine earth with heaven's own light,
And from the centre of all happiness—
The uncreated temple of our God—
Delightful foretastes bring of holy joys,
By mortal sight unseen, by ear unheard,
And inmost heart of man still unconceived,
Unrealized, unknown. Thy sacred light
We hail; and by its holy guiding beams,
Our souls, forsaking all terrestrial things,
Mount up, and with incarnate Deity
Communion hold—foretaste of heavenly bliss;
And with desires unutterable, and hopes
Enkindled at the shrine above, we long,
With disembodied spirits, spotless, pure,
To join th' unending chorus of the skies—
The perfect worship of the eternal world.
There Sabbaths never end—their holy light,
Undimm'd by clouds, shall never cease to shine—
Shall never fade, nor yield to twilight's ray.

No earthly Sabbath dawned with holier light,
Or waked in human breast more pure desires,
Or aspirations after sacred joys
More fervent—more sincere, than that blest day
Which numbered Enoch's finished course on earth.
Its light beheld his year of years complete*—
The anniversary of his birth that day
Returned. O, memorable day! thy light,
Thy holy Sabbath light the years of earth
With cycles of eternity conjoined.
Earth's scenes and chronicled events of heaven
In blended union meet! The wondrous act,
Engraven deep in heaven's entablature,
Is annalled in the truthful scroll of time!
Scarce had the rosy fingers of the dawn
The Sabbath morn in distant orient marked,
And summoned nature to an act of praise,
When Enoch rose. Around the altar stone—
Endeared and hallowed by domestic vows—
By votive offerings paid—by prayers sincere—
By songs of gratitude—oblations pure—
And victims slain as typical of Him
Whose blood alone can cleanse from sin—the stain
Of deep pollution wash away, and man

To purity restore—around that stone,
Thus hallowed, Enoch's household stood. Himself,
As patriarchal priest, the victim slew,
And o'er the bleeding sacrifice their sins
Confessed. And as the sacred flame arose,
It bore to heaven the holy gratitude
Of that collected group.

Their worship o'er,
The simple morning meal, prepared on hours
Unconsecrate to holy things, was spread.
That finished Enoch rose. The woodland dell,
For meditative prayer his footsteps sought.
There, undisturbed, with none to view the scene,
Or know the heart's intensest feeling, save
The Omniscient eye, the fountains of the deep,
The springs of feeling from their lowest depths
Were broken up. The reigning power of sin,
As monarch of the heart, had long been crushed;
And yet, with bitterness of soul, he mourned
Its sad effects. Upon that sacred day,
Himself, with all his powers reconsecrate,
To God were offered up. The holy joy
Which then his soul o'erflowed resembled that
Which angels feel before the throne above.

Such intercourse with heaven his mind prepared
To lead the public worship of that day.
But few around Jehovah's altar bowed;
For near its sacred site the sons of men,
With daring wickedness, upon a mount
Surrounded by a grove of ancient trees,
Whose undecaying foliage emblem seemed
Of immortality, an altar built;
And with idolatrous delight, and songs,
And mirthful dance, and wild and festive glee,
The sun revered and all the hosts of heaven;
And with obscene and impious hands upraised,
Jehovah's creatures deified, and Him,
The God of all, despised.

Close by this scene
The homeward steps of Enoch led. His soul,
With holy feelings fill'd and joys which spring
From intercourse with God, could pity well
These wretched wanderers from the paths of peace.
But scarce the holy man appeared in view,
When from the revelers—upon whose lives
His holy actions were a keen rebuke,
And who with hate relentless ever watched
His never varying course, with empty hope
Of finding aught within him like themselves—
From these malicious ones a shout broke forth,
Which rent the air, and mounted swift to heaven:
"See there! he comes! the sanctimonious wretch,
Whose sacrilegious hands dare desecrate
The altars of our gods—whose impious tongue
Has dared pronounce our worship blasphemy—
Our songs impure, and all our mirth and joy
The revelry of sin! Not e'en content
With such impiety, regardless yet
Of all our threats, his vile malignant heart

* Enoch was 365 years old when he was translated. See
Genesis v, 23.

Now prompts to deeds more sacrilegious still.
 Not satisfied with bold presumption's tongue
 To speak contemptuous of our gods, predict
 A day of fierce impending wrath on those
 Who bend before their shrines, and vainly try,
 With arch hypocrisy to frighten those
 Who worship here—not satisfied with this,
 His impious hand has dared again erect
 A public altar to his God, and there
 Officiate as patriarchal priest,
 And thus disturb the worship due to those
 Who all our wants supply and us defend.
 His sanctimonious looks we hate—his God
 Not less, and all his base unhallowed rites.”

At this rude speech the heart of Enoch, filled
 With holy zeal for God and his pure law,
 His day, his worship, and his sacred name,
 Had prompted a reply severe and stern
 In vindication of that holy cause
 Which more than his own life he loved. Ere yet
 His lips the stern rebuke pronounced, held back
 By power divine, the pure ethereal vault
 Seemed wrapt in flaming fire—all nature shook—
 The rebel band, with conscious guilt o'ercome,
 In consternation stood, nor dared to flee,
 Nor dared look up. A present God they feared,
 Who but a moment gone defied his power;
 For high above Jehovah's chariot burn'd
 With brightest flame, more brilliant than the sun.
 The royal car of state—the imperial seat—
 With all the emblazonry of heaven—in which
 The King of kings ambassadors of state,
 To execute his high behests, sent forth
 Throughout his vast domains—by flaming steeds
 Propelled, above them shone. Th' angelic hosts,
 In numbers infinite—empanoplied
 With armory of heaven, which gleamed more bright
 Than thousand suns, as retinue appeared.
 Th' embattled hosts with utmost speed approached,
 In awful majesty arrayed. That sight
 Earth ne'er before had seen. No wonder then
 The guilty hosts, with terror and remorse,
 In trembling attitude remained, or sought,
 Although in vain, a place to flee.

Meanwhile,
 The voice of Enoch, filled with praise, broke forth:
 “Behold, he comes! Jehovah with his hosts,
 His saints, ten thousand thousand spotless ones,
 And all the angelic legions of the sky!
 He comes to execute his wrath on all
 Who dare his mandates disobey, or scorn
 To do his will, or speak against his cause,
 Or on his servants cast unjust reproach.”*

Ere yet he ceased, and while the guilty throng
 In breathless consternation stand, himself,
 Approved and justified by that dread voice

* Compare with this the 13th and 14th verses of the Epistle of Jude.

Which shook creation's base, to heaven bid come,
 By power Omnipotent in twinkling time
 Upon that royal glowing seat is placed.
 From earth and sin refined and purified,
 A rapturous shout of joy—a last farewell—
 Are mingled with the choral symphonies
 Which burst from cherub choirs as upward borne
 They seek the abodes of bliss.

GEO. WATERMAN, JR.

Original.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

BY MRS. HAMLINE.

I DREAMED. I saw a loving, faithful heart,
 Wounded and bleeding, on an altar laid.
 Beside it stood a form divinely wrought,
 Adorned with beauty and with grace, and all
 That can enchant the eye and charm the soul.
 Anon, I saw that form smile on that heart,
 And it, poor wounded thing, leaped at his smile.
 He frowned; and at his frown that heart did writhe.
 He touched a dagger which his hand had fixed
 Deep in its centre, and the blood did flow.
 I gazed with wonder as alternately
 He smiled and pierced afresh the sufferer;
 And at each smile that heart did leap anew,
 Rejoicing as its deadly wound was healed,
 And at each frown it writhed in agony;
 And when he touched the dagger, I beheld
 The current gushing forth as if just pierced.
 And then that bleeding heart did speak to me,
 In accents mild, by heavenly mercy tuned:
 “Pity, O pity! not reproach,” it said,
 “That loved one, barbarous though to thee he seem.
 How deep, how pure the fount whence flow these
 streams
 He does not know; nor does he know the pang
 That he inflicts when he this dagger moves.
 And here beside him calmly will I lie,
 Though his dear hand waste my last drop of life.
 Removed from him no pleasure could be mine—
 Beneath his smile I sometimes find repose;
 And when at length this current cease to flow,
 With my last throb I'll whisper ‘love’ to him.”

HEAVEN.

THERE is a city whose name is LIGHT,
 With the diamond's ray and the ruby bright;
 And ensigns are waving, and banners unfurl,
 Over walls of brass and gates of pearl,
 That are fixed in that sun-bright clime.

There are myriads of forms arrayed in white,
 Beings of beauty clothed in light:
 They dwell in their own immortal bowers,
 'Mid the fadeless hues of countless flowers,
 That spring in that sun-bright clime.

NOTICES.

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINE OF CHRISTIAN PERFECTION, STATED AND DEFENDED; *with a Critical and Historical Examination of the Controversy, both Ancient and Modern. Also, Practical Illustrations and Advices. In a series of Lectures. By Geo. Peck, D. D. New York: Lane & Sandford. 1842.*—This is a seasonable exposition and vindication of the Scriptural doctrine of Christian Perfection. It contains nineteen lectures, and discusses as many leading topics, embraced as parts or in connection with the principal theme. The work is polemic and practical in its character. The former department states and exposes the principal erroneous theories, past and present, set forth under the name of Christian Perfection, notices the controversies on this subject, considers and refutes the objections which have been urged against the doctrine, and by positive Scripture proofs maintains the possibility and the reality of entire sanctification in this life. The practical portion of the treatise points out the way to obtain this blessing, presents motives to induce the reader to seek it, the evidences of possessing it, and closes with a hortatory appeal to those who profess it.

Having noticed the course of the writer, we will add that he has executed his task with ability, and that it would be difficult to estimate the value of the service he has rendered the Church, and the interests of the Church. If we were to speak of defects—for all human productions are imperfect—we could wish that the philological criticisms which appear in its pages had mostly been omitted, and embraced in an article of the "Methodist Quarterly." We believe that an unnecessary amount of Greek exegesis is of late employed in popular theological discussion. The Germans are leading us in this career, not at all to our advantage as a people. Dr. Clarke and Professor Stuart have betaken themselves to these fields of interminable discovery, and propose thereby to break the seals of all mystery. It is well that some work these mines, but they must present to the public the fruits of their toil without attempting to lower us into the shaft from whence they dug it. These remarks are not intended to depreciate the excellent treatise of Dr. Peck. He makes but comparatively a sparing use of criticism on the original text, and has endeavored to adapt his exegetical inquiries, as far as possible, to the understandings of all. We urge upon the members of the Church a careful perusal of the book; and believe it will prove to many a rich and lasting blessing.

On sale by Wright & Swormstedt.

AN EXPOSITION OF UNIVERSALISM: *Or, an Investigation of that system of Doctrine which promises final Holiness and Happiness in Heaven to all Mankind, irrespective of moral character and conduct in this life. By Rev. John H. Power. Cincinnati: Printed for the Author, at the Western Methodist Book Concern.*—Universalism has existed in society ever since the fall of man. It will exist as long as sin is in the world. Whoever reads the Bible with attention, will find from its histories of religious opinions, that the wicked have always denied and derided those threatenings which announced the coming judgments of God. The errors of men never will be in the opposite moral direction. It would be difficult to find an example in the Bible in which sinners believed *too much* in regard to God's threatenings. They always believed *too little*. If the Christian world have, as Universalists charge, interpreted the threatenings of the Gospel too strictly against themselves, it is a new development in the history of our race. From the time when God said to Adam, "thou shalt surely die," and Satan contradicted, the same snare has been laid for men's consciences. It is the only possible method of seducing souls. Satan would never attempt the task by persuading mankind that sin inflicts *more* evil than it in fact does. That would be like attempting to persuade a man to *robbery* by urging on his attention the impossibility of escaping detection and punishment.

Universalism is spreading in the west. We are not surprised at it. It is the natural result of the widely extending revivals by which thousands are converted to God, and other thousands, resisting the gracious power of the Spirit, are in that "last

state" which is "worse than the first." Men cannot well settle down in sin, amidst such powerful visitations of the Spirit, without some quietus for the conscience—some plan which seems to promise them impunity in impenitence. As to the theory that this life is loaded with retributive evils, which are visited on all in exact proportion to their demerit, we doubt if any man believes it. Men who profess to believe it, now and then eke out other and opposite opinions, in some unguarded moments. A few days since a paragraph appeared in a Universalist paper utterly inconsistent with such a theory. A man who years ago committed a capital offense, was detected and brought to the gallows. This was noticed as an example of the retributive character of the Divine administration over this world. But what idea must we form of the equity of that retribution which transfers a man for murder to the paradise of God?

The errors of Universalism as a system, have been often and sufficiently exposed. But local influences will sometimes operate favorably toward procuring attention to one defense of truth rather than another. This fact has invited the publication of the book before us. Mr. Power has for years occupied a field of ministerial labor where, among other forms of infidelity, Universalism was prominent. He felt obliged to set the battle in array against this destroyer. He visited various points, debated with its advocates the heresies they defended, and by the blessing of God, made impressions in favor of truth which were salutary beyond his hopes. His familiarity with the wiles and sophistry which it was his lot so frequently to expose, prepared him for the labors of the pen. In the meantime thousands who had heard his discourses to advantage, solicited a book. The indications of Providence were at last so plain that he proceeded to prepare a work for the press.

The treatise is Biblical. Mr. Power takes us to the word and the testimony. He uses the sacred text with honest skill and admirable effect, to shield the honor, and discomfit the enemies of the cross. The book will be useful. It affects none of the graces of style, nor much of the erudition of scholastic criticism. But it is the people's book, and as such we commend it to the readers of the Repository, and to the Divine blessing.

On sale at the Western Book Concern.

THE AMERICAN BIBLICAL REPOSITORY, *Devoted to Biblical and General Literature, Theological Discussion, the History of Theological Opinions, etc. Conducted by John Holmes Agnew.*—The January number of this periodical is like its predecessors, rich in the ripest products of mind. The Biblical Repository receives contributions from the ablest American writers. The Andover school of theologians, who are certainly second to none in the department of philological criticism, give it their almost united patronage. Professor Stowe, who is taking rank with the most accomplished philologists of the period, contributes freely to its pages. The present number contains an article from President Day, of New Haven—a new contributor, if we recollect.

We have so often recommended this quarterly, that we need only add that it certainly loses nothing by age. In its smaller form it can be had at the low price of three dollars per annum. Subscribers can obtain it of Geo. L. Weed, at the Bible, Tract and Sunday School Depository, West Fourth-street, Cincinnati.

THE AMERICAN ECLECTIC, AND MUSEUM OF FOREIGN LITERATURE. *Conducted by J. H. Agnew and E. Little.*—The January and February numbers of this invaluable monthly are on our table. It will be the province of the "Eclectic and Museum" to furnish to the American public judicious selections from the best European reviews and magazines.

The graver British and Continental periodicals may be considered the channel of criticism on the current literature of Europe. The best articles in these publications will appear in the Eclectic and Museum. Judgment and taste are necessary in making selections from so large and varied a field, and both are enlisted in behalf of this enterprise. We are surprised at the facilities now presented to families of narrow means, to secure access to all that is truly valuable in the periodical literature of England, and to some of the choicest specimens of French and German composition.

This work is published monthly in Philadelphia and New

York. Each number contains 144 pages of the largest octavo size, equal to about 400 pages of common octavo. The price is only *six dollars* per annum. In addition to what was originally proposed by the proprietor, it is now announced that art will contribute the choicest embellishments to the future numbers of this work. A series of steel engravings will be introduced—beginning with the March number—in a style not surpassed in this country. These engravings will embrace the whole range of modern European art, illustrating the different schools, selected from subjects of an interesting character, and from sketches by the most distinguished painters. There are in preparation for 1843 ten beautiful plates from several of the best English artists.

N. B. Five dollars *in advance* will pay for the Eclectic and Museum a year. If more than five join in a subscription, and have their numbers directed to one address, *four* dollars each *in advance* will be received. Subscribers west of the mountains should send their subscriptions to Geo. L. Weed, Agent, at the Bible, Tract and Sunday School Depository, on Fourth-street, Cincinnati.

SELECT LIBRARY OF RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.—This is a new periodical for the re-publication of standard theological works. Three numbers of the "first of the series" are before us. From their appearance we augur well of the enterprise. Each number contains eighty pages, royal octavo, of closely printed matter, in double column. The paper and typography are good. We think the publisher is subserving, in a high degree, the cause of religious truth and of Protestant Christianity. The first series contains D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation. This work has been sold in volume form at \$3. In the Select Library it will come at 75 cents. We are surprised at the cheapness of this work. It comes to subscribers at \$1.80 per annum, or 15 cents per number of 80 pages. A volume will contain nearly a thousand pages, equal in amount of matter to five respectable octavo volumes, of 400 pages each, for \$1.80. The work is published in Philadelphia by James M. Campbell. We cordially recommend it to all who would be conversant with the richest productions of the religious press. For five dollars, should the work be continued, a family may in three years acquire a library which, a few years since, would have cost a small fortune.

A LETTER TO R. D. MUSSEY, M. D., on the Utter Groundlessness of all the Millennial Arithmetic. By C. E. Stowe, D. D., Professor of Biblical Literature, Lane Seminary.—This is an octavo pamphlet of 24 pages. The title will suggest to the intelligent reader the general train of thought in this letter. Dr. Stowe endeavors to show that the assumption of all the Millenarians, in regard to the prophetic use of day for year, is utterly unwarrantable, and that none can determine, nor prudently fix upon the date of the great apostasy. The letter concludes thus:

"In my opinion, all who pretend to fix the time of the millenium from the numbers given in the prophetic books, do three things which they have no right to do.

"1st. They assert that *day* in the prophecies means *year*, which is not true.

"2d. They pretend to know the time when the great apostasy took place, a matter of which they are entirely ignorant.

"3d. They contradict Christ and his apostles.

"I acknowledge that pious, respectable and learned men sometimes do this, and that they do it piously, respectfully and learnedly; but they do it by adopting principles of interpretation, which, in my judgment, are entirely erroneous.

"The worst influence of these calculations is this: many stake their faith in the Bible on their fulfillment. The calculators are in the habit of saying, 'If the Bible teaches any thing, it teaches this. If this be not true, there is no dependence to be placed in the Bible.' These, and expressions of like import, are very frequently in the mouths of such men, and multitudes believe them. Now, when the time fixed upon passes by, and neither the judgment nor the millenium makes its appearance, (as will be the case most assuredly,) the faith of multitudes will be shaken, and to burning fanaticism will succeed a re-action of rabid infidelity, and perhaps atheism.

This will certainly be the result; and the sober, consistent believer in the Divine authority of the Bible should be aware of it. The Bible is in no way responsible for those prognostications. It will be just as good after they have all failed, as it ever was before. Its truth and authority will be no more affected by the failure of the dates 1843, 1870 and 1926, than they were by the failure of the dates 1000, 1716 and 1836. These last three eras have formerly been fixed upon, extensively believed in, and entirely failed; and the same fate I have not the least doubt, awaits the first three."

ANALYSIS OF WATSON'S THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTES: *Designed for the use of Students and Examining Committees.* New York: Lane & Sandford.—This will be useful to students, if it lead them to a more faithful perusal of the original work. We do not think it will be any advantage to examining committees. Elder preachers ought to be sufficiently familiar with the standard works of Methodism to prosecute their examinations of the candidates without such an aid. As to graduates, if disposed to indolence, this little work will prove an aid to self-indulgence. But we hope better things of them. We would say, in conclusion, that the best use to which the book can be devoted, is the instruction of young persons in the rudiments of systematic theology. We would recommend it as a Biblical text book in our seminaries. 12mo., 228 pages.

On sale by Wright & Swormstedt.

MISERICORDIA; Or Contemplations on the Mercy of God, regarded especially in its aspects towards the young. By J. W. Etheridge. New York: Lane & Sandford.—This is an exhortation to youthful piety, enforced by a consideration of God's mercy, in its various providential and evangelical displays. It is well calculated to produce seriousness, and move the youthful reader to enter on a career of religious devotion. 12mo., 212 pages.

On sale by Wright & Swormstedt.

THE TEACHER OF HEALTH, and the Laws of the Human System. Boston: D. S. King & Co. Wm. A. Alcott, Editor.—This is a duodecimo monthly of 32 pages, at \$1 per annum. It discusses with ability the avoidable causes, and the preventatives of disease. Its cautions are many of them addressed to females, in relation to the clothing and the domestic habits of their families. The "Teacher" urges on the attention of its disciples that trite but true maxim, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Its articles are written in a popular style, without the unnecessary use of technical words and phrases.

MINUTES OF THE ANNUAL CONFERENCES of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for the year 1842.—This Church register contains more than 100 pages, plainly indicating the great and rapid increase in the Church during the last ten years. The general recapitulation, on the last page of these Minutes, shows an increase during the year of 120,851, including the ministry and laity. The Liberia and Texas conferences are embraced in these statistics. The increase in the United States is about 120,000. The present revivals would lead us to hope for a much larger increase at the close of this conference year.

On sale by Wright & Swormstedt.

MISSIONARY HERALD, for March, 1843.—We occasionally notice this monthly, "venerable for age and character," that those of our readers who are well able may possess and read so valuable a mass of missionary intelligence as it contains. Price \$1.50 per annum. To be had of Geo. L. Weed, Fourth-street, Cincinnati.

GUIDE TO CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.—We have just received the January and February numbers of this monthly. It retains all its excellencies, without the least depreciation in matter or in spirit. It is too little known by the Methodist public. We choose to notice it as often as we can in decency, that our readers may not forget its being and claims. No paper which visits us is more welcome than the Guide. We heartily commend it to the attention of all who would grow in grace, and in the knowledge of the Savior. Price \$1 per annum. Boston: Merritt & King, No. 1, Cornhill.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

PROFESSOR WILLETT'S PERIODICAL.—*Prospectus of the Newbury Biblical and Literary Magazine.*—Professor Willett, recently of the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, now of the Newbury Methodist Theological Institute, is to be the editor of a new periodical of the above name and title. The prospectus says:

"The undersigned regard the proposed work as an adjunct to the Newbury Biblical Institute, and intend to keep in view the same objects and interests in the one case as in the other. The Bible, as the fountain of truth, and the original storehouse of knowledge, it will be their duty to illustrate and recommend. As a model of style, whether in the beautiful simplicity of its narrative, or the sublimity and lyric energy of its poetry, it will receive the praise it deserves, and ever be regarded as classically pre-eminent. The varied range of subjects which are required for the right and thorough understanding of this divine book, will all in their turn receive a due share of attention, and it is hoped, be so treated as to engage the attention of the reader, while his knowledge is increased.

"In addition to our main object, the field of general literature will lie at our command, and we shall endeavor to draw from this rich and prolific source what may tend to vary and adorn our pages. The stores of classical learning we shall draw forth, and spread before our readers; while we intend to furnish as far as our pages will allow, a summary of the state and prospects of modern literature.

"The publishing association from whence this magazine emanates, embark in this work with no low aim. Their object is to do good, and while they do not intend to neglect the more attractive branches of general literature, they will give the preponderance to that which is sound and useful."

The subscription price is to be one dollar per annum in advance. It will be issued once in two months, and each number will contain 48 pages.

WORTHINGTON FEMALE SEMINARY.—We are gratified to learn that this young seminary is still maintaining its ground. Those who are on the spot and are very capable of judging say: "With much pleasure we would inform the friends of education, that this institution was never in a better situation to give satisfaction to its patrons than at the present. The Rev. Mr. Nelson and lady have shown themselves amply qualified for the important station they occupy as instructors of youth, in the manifest improvement of the pupils in literary attainments, and in the mild, but prudent means by which they are governed. The amiable Mr. and Mrs. Keating exercise a parental watch-care over the young ladies, and share largely in the affections of all. An excellent moral and religious influence pervades the institution; and many of those attending it, while drinking at the fountain of intellectual science, are endeavoring to quench the thirst of their immortal spirits with the waters of salvation. The boarding department is well conducted, and good board can be obtained, together with all necessary appendages, (washing excepted,) at the reduced price of \$1.25 per week. Tuition fees unusually low. The present term will close the 5th of April, and the next session commence the 27th of the same month. Parents and guardians, who value comfort, economy, a good situation, and a thorough course of instruction, would do well to patronize this seminary."

It was indeed a matter of no small importance to procure the watchful regards of Mr. and Mrs. K. to the domestic state and behavior of female pupils. Those acquainted with them will feel that it is no small privilege to place their daughters in the society and under the care of so amiable a family.

WAYS AND MEANS.—The times call for new inventions. The missionary enterprise—noblest of charities—is now at a stage which demands great efforts and sacrifices. We will propose one measure which involves no real sacrifice, and if the Church cannot meet it we despair of immediate relief to the missionary treasury. It is suggested by a knowledge of the fact that a recent female convert of wealth and respectability, has on hand a quantity of jewelry which she is about to dispose of for charitable uses; and by the notice below, which is from

the report of the Bath (England) Missionary Society, auxiliary to the London Missionary Society. It is as follows:

"Your committee cannot but notice the gratification they experienced in being privileged, in the month of March last, to convey the munificent gift (as below stated) to the directors of the London Missionary Society. The narrative connected with it is briefly this: A Christian lady, now resident in India, one day turned her eye on her casket of jewels, and regarding any outward adornment that their lustre could confer, as immeasurably inferior to the pleasure she would receive, if their value were employed in the service of God, she unhesitatingly directed their sale, and devoted their whole proceeds to the London Missionary Society. The amount realized by this gift, and received by the Society, is six hundred and sixty-three pounds. Not a word would your committee say in commendation of this act—it needs no praise. Let God be honored in the deed of his servant, as she desires him to be."

Probably there are two hundred thousand females of mature age in the Methodist Episcopal Church. To say nothing of jewelry which may be considered heir-loom in its character, that is, valuable as *family* property, doubtless there is other jewelry of the value of more than one hundred thousand dollars, which ought not to be used for ornament, and which is idle or pernicious capital. It is of no manner of use to the owner, and subserves no end, unless it be to induce a violation of the apostolic injunction, and aid Satan in the work of temptation. Let measures be adopted then to bring these offerings into the treasury of the Lord. If each leader will call on the female members of his class, in a right way, and with right arguments, a gathering of gold to the amount here specified could easily be made. Let the ladies go forward in this enterprise and they will be followed by the men.

As to the brethren, it should be considered that some years ago the old fashioned, heavy watch-keys were laid aside, and the modern delicate bosom-key substituted. Now, there are probably seventy thousand men who joined the Church since this change occurred, half of whom have their old keys and seals laid up in safe keeping. Doubtless from this and other sources among the men, one hundred thousand dollars more could be collected for missionary purposes. What a sudden relief would our treasury experience if this project could be executed. Let the ladies lead the way.

WHERE ARE THEY?—Some mistaken calculator has put in circulation the following strange paragraph:

"*Where are They?*—The number who have lived upon the earth has been estimated at about 27,000,000,000,000. This sum, when divided by 27,814,000, the number of square miles of land, gives 1,314,522,076, to a square rod, and five to a square foot! Suppose a square rod capable of being divided into twelve graves, each grave would contain a hundred persons, so that the whole earth has been one hundred times dug over to bury its inhabitants, supposing they had been equally distributed. Were the bodies laid upon the surface, they would cover the land to the depth of 100 feet."

How the author arrived at this estimate is beyond our comprehension. Almost any person can calculate with a near approach to accuracy, and will find that the 200 generations who have dwelt upon the earth, (allowing nothing for the former longevity of human beings,) do not furnish it with the thousandth part of the above number of inhabitants. At the rate of twelve graves to a square rod, three or four of our largest states would afford burial for the whole world in all its ages. The state of Ohio would afford a convenient space for all the purposes of the coming judgment.

Such calculations as the above have subserved the purposes of infidelity, especially that type of it called Universalism. They ought, therefore, to be corrected. Let the reader, by simple multiplications and divisions, proceed to make the calculation, and be satisfied. Arithmetic is useful in treating of numbers.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—We expect contributions in future numbers from a correspondent whose writings will add much to the value of the Repository. We trust our tried friends will not forsake us. We look for their aid.